Cook S.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan. 4. 178

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan.ʸ 11.ᵗʰ 1780.

Serfojee Rajah

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HON.

922

GEO. GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For impious greatneſs vengeance is in ſtore;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten pow'r-----
Fearleſs he ſees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound;
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red ſcaffold or the blazing throne;
Serenely as he liv'd reſigns his breath,
Meets Deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death----
An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name----
Place me, ye Pow'rs! in ſome obſcure retreat;
O keep me innocent, make others great!
In quiet ſhades, content with rural ſports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble eaſe,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.

IMITAT. SENEC. THYEST.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HON.

739

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES, | PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,
EPISTLES, | IMITATIONS,
SONGS, | DRAMATIC POEMS,

&c. &c. &c.

The virtuous nothing fear but life with ſhame,
And death 's a pleaſant road that leads to fame.
On bones and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed:
This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honeſty!
Judge me, ye Pow'rs! let Fortune tempt or frown,
I ſtand prepar'd; my honour is my own----
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' ſchool,
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool----
What can I hope in courts, or how ſucceed?
Tigers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving Honeſty in courts we find.

VERSES TO MRS. HIGGONS.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE LIFE OF

G. GRANVILLE, L. LANSDOWNE.

L. LANSDOWNE was defcended from an illuftrious family, which traced their anceftry from Rollo, the firft Duke of Normandy. He was fecond fon of Bernard Granville, and grandfon of the famous Sir Bevil Granville, killed at the battle of Lanfdowne 1643. This nobleman received the firft tincture of his education in France, under the tuition of Sir William Ellis, a gentleman, who was eminent afterwards in many public employments.

When our Author was but eleven years of age he was fent to Trinity-College in Cambridge, where he remained five years, but at the age of thirteen was admitted to the degree of Mafter of Arts, having before he was twelve years old fpoken a copy of Englifh verfes, of his own compofition, to the Duchefs of York, when her Royal Highnefs paid a vifit to that univerfity.

At the time when the nation was embroiled by the public diftractions, occafioned by the efforts of King James II. to introduce Popery, Lord Lanfdowne did not remain an unconcerned fpectator: he had early imbibed principles of loyalty, and as fome of his forefathers had fallen in the caufe of Charles I. he thought it was his duty to facrifice his life alfo for the intereft

of his ſovereign. However miſtaken he might be in this furious zeal for a prince the chief ſcope of whoſe reign was to overthrow the law and introduce abſolute dominion, yet he appears to be perfectly ſincere. In a letter he wrote to his father upon the expected approach of the Prince of Orange's fleet, he expreſſes the moſt ardent deſire to ſerve the King in perſon *. This letter we ſhall inſert, but beg our readers' patience to make a digreſſion, which will juſtify what we have ſaid concerning James II.

The genuine mark of a tyrant is cruelty; and it is with concern we can produce an inſtance of the moſt inhuman barbarity in that prince which ever ſtained the annals of any reign. Cruelty ſhould be the badge of no party; it ought to be equally the abhorrence of all; and whoever is tainted with it ſhould be ſet up to view as a terror to the world, as a monſter, whom it is the intereſt of mankind to deſtroy.

After the ſuppreſſion of Monmouth's rebellion, many of the unfortunate perſons engaged in it fled to London, and took ſhelter there, till the Act of Indemnity ſhould be publiſhed. They who afforded them ſhelter were either of the Monmouth faction or induced, from principles of humanity, to adminiſter to their ſafety. What would become of the world if our friends were always to forſake us in diſtreſs? There lived then in London an amiable lady, attached to no

* General Dict. art. *Granville.*

party, who enjoyed a large fortune, which ſhe ſpent in the exerciſe of the moſt extenſive beneficence: ſhe made it her buſineſs to viſit the jails, and the priſoners who were moſt neceſſitous and deſerving ſhe relieved: her houſe was an aſylum for the poor: ſhe lived but for charity, and ſhe had every hour the prayers of the widow and orphan poured out to her. It happened that one of the rebels found ſhelter in her houſe; ſhe ſuffered him to be ſcreened there; ſhe fed and clothed him. The King had often declared that he would rather pardon thoſe who were found in arms againſt him than the people who harboured or ſecretly encouraged them. This miſcreant, who ſometimes ventured out at night to a public houſe, was informed that the King had made ſuch a declaration, and it entered into his baſe heart to betray his benefactreſs. He accordingly went before a magiſtrate, and lodged an information, upon which the lady was ſecured, brought to a trial, and, upon the evidence of this ungrateful villain, caſt for her life. She ſuffered at a ſtake with the moſt reſigned cheerfulneſs; for when a woman is convicted of treaſon, it ſeems ſhe is ſentenced to be burnt *. The reader will eaſily judge what ſort of bowels that king muſt have who could permit ſuch a puniſhment to take place upon a woman ſo completely amiable, upon the evidence of a villain ſo con-

* See Burnet's Hiſtory of his own Times.

ſummately infamous, and he will, we are perſuaded, be of opinion, that had his Majeſty poſſeſſed a thouſand kingdoms he deſerved to loſe them all for this one act of genuine barbarity.

Lord Lanſdowne, who did not conſider, or was not then capable of diſcovering, the dangers to which this prince expoſed his people, wrote the following letter to his father, earneſtly preſſing him to permit his entering voluntarily into King James's ſervice.

"SIR,

"Your having no proſpect of obtaining a com-"miſſion for me, can no way alter or cool my deſire, "at this important juncture, to venture my life, in "ſome manner or other, for my king and country. "I cannot bear to live under the reproach of lying ob-"ſcure and idle, in a country retirement, when every "man who has the leaſt ſenſe of honour ſhould be "preparing for the field. You may remember, Sir, "with what reluctance I ſubmitted to your commands "upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity "could prevail with you to permit me to leave the "academy: I was too young to be hazarded; but, "give me leave to ſay, it is glorious, at any age, to "die for one's country; and the ſooner the nobler ſa-"crifice: I am now older by three years. My uncle "Bath was not ſo old when he was left among the "ſlain at the battle of Newberry, nor you yourſelf, Sir, "when you made your eſcape from your tutors to join

"your brother in the defence of Scilly. The ſame cauſe "is now come round about again. The King has been "miſled; let thoſe who miſled him be anſwerable for "it. No body can deny but he is ſacred in his own per-"ſon, and it is every honeſt man's duty to defend it. "You are pleaſed to ſay it is yet doubtful if the Hol-"landers are raſh enough to make ſuch an attempt. "But be that as it will, I beg leave to be preſented to "his Majeſty as one whoſe utmoſt ambition is to de-"vote his life to his ſervice and my country's, after the "example of all my anceſtors. The gentry aſſembled "at York to agree upon the choice of repreſenta-"tives for the county, have prepared an addreſs to "aſſure his Majeſty they are ready to ſacrifice their "lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other "occaſions; but at the ſame time they humbly beſeech "him to give them ſuch magiſtrates as may be agree-"able to the laws of the land, for at preſent there is "no authority to which they can legally ſubmit. By "what I can hear, every body wiſhes well to the King, "but would be glad his miniſters were hanged. The "winds continue ſo contrary, that no landing can be "ſo ſoon as was apprehended, therefore I may hope, "with your leave and aſſiſtance, to be in readineſs be-"fore any action can begin. I beſeech you, Sir, moſt "humbly, and moſt earneſtly, to add this one act of "indulgence more to ſo many teſtimonies I have ſo "conſtantly received of your goodneſs, and be plea-

"sed to believe me always, with the utmost duty and "submission, Your's," &c.

We are not told whether his father yielded to his importunity, or whether he was presented to his Majesty; but if he really joined the army, it was without danger to his person, for the Revolution was effected in England without one drop of blood.

In 1696 his comedy called The She Gallants was acted at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields *. He afterwards altered this comedy, and published it among his other Works, under the title of Once a Lover and Always a Lover, which, as he observes in the preface, is a new building upon an old foundation.

"It appeared first under the name of The She Gal-"lants, and, by the preface then prefixed to it, is said "to have been the child of a child. By taking it since "under examination so many years after, the Au-"thor flatters himself to have made a correct comedy "of it; he found it regular to his hand; the scene con-"stant to one place, the time not exceeding the bounds "prescribed, and the action entire. It remained only "to clear the ground, and to plant, as it were, fresh "flowers in the room of those which were grown into "weeds, or were faded by time; to retouch and vary "the characters, enliven the painting, retrench the "superfluous, and animate the action, where it ap-"peared the young Author seemed to aim at more "than he had strength to perform."

* General Dict. art. *Granville*.

The ſame year alſo his tragedy, entitled Heroic Love, was acted at the Theatre. Mr. Gildon obſerves, "That this tragedy is written after the manner of "the Ancients, which is much more natural and eaſy "than that of our modern dramatiſts." Though we cannot agree with Mr. Gildon that the ancient model of tragedy is ſo natural as the modern, yet this piece muſt have very great merit, ſince we find Mr. Dryden addreſſing verſes to the Author upon this occaſion, which begin thus,

Auſpicious Poet! wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I muſt commend?
But ſince 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and with'ring age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which dying on my brow revive on thine.

Our Author wrote alſo a dramatic poem called The Britiſh Enchanters *, in the preface to which he obſerves, "That it is the firſt eſſay of a very infant "Muſe, rather as a taſk at ſuch hours as were free "from other exerciſes than any way meant for public "entertainment. But Mr. Betterton, having had a "caſual ſight of it, many years after it was written, "begged it for the ſtage, where it found ſo favour-"able a reception as to have an uninterrupted run "of at leaſt forty days." To this Mr. Addiſon wrote the epilogue. Lord Lanſdowne altered Shakeſpeare's Merchant of Venice, under the title of The Jew of

* It was called A Dramatic Opera, and was decorated at a great expenſe, and intermixed with ſongs, dances, &c.

Venice, which was acted with applauſe, the profits of which were deſigned for Mr. Dryden, but upon that poet's death were given to his ſon.

In 1702 he tranſlated into Engliſh The Second Olynthian of Demoſthenes. He was returned member for the county of Cornwall in the parliament which met in November 1710, and was ſoon after made Secretary of War, next Comptroller of the Houſehold, and then Treaſurer, and ſworn one of the Privy Council. The year following he was created Baron Lanſdowne of Biddeford in Devonſhire.

On the acceſſion of George I. in 1714, he was removed by that prince from his Treaſurer's place; the next year he entered his proteſt againſt the bills for attainting Lord Bolingbroke and the Duke of Ormond, and entered deeply into the ſcheme for raiſing an inſurrection in the weſt of England, of which, Lord Bolingbroke ſays, he was at the head, and repreſents him as poſſeſſed of the ſame political fire and frenzy for the Pretender as he had ſhown in his youth for the father. Accordingly he was ſeized as a ſuſpected perſon, and on the 26th of September 1715 was committed priſoner to the Tower, where he continued till the 8th of February 1717, when he was ſet free from impriſonment. Being confined in the ſame room in which Sir Robert Walpole had been priſoner, and had left his name on the window, he wrote theſe lines under it:

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard they bound and rise again.

In 1719 he made a speech in the House of Lords against the practice of occasional conformity, which is printed among his works, and among other things he says this: "I always understood the toleration to "be meant as an indulgence to tender consciences, "not a license for hardened ones; and that the act to "prevent occasional conformity was designed only "to correct a particular crime of particular men, in "which no sect of Dissenters was included but these "followers of Judas which came to the Lord's Sup-"per from no other end but to sell and betray him. "This crime, however palliated and defended by so "many right reverend fathers in the Church, is no "less than making the God of truth, as it were, in "person, subservient to acts of hypocrisy; no less than "sacrificing the mystical blood and body of our Sa-"viour to worldly and sinister purposes, an impiety "of the highest nature! which in justice called for "protection, and in charity for prevention. The bare "receiving the holy Eucharist could never be in-"tended simply as a qualification for an office, but as "an open declaration, an undubitable proof, of being "and remaining a sincere member of the Church. "Whoever presumes to receive it with any other view "profanes it, and may be said to seek his promotion

"in this world by eating and drinking his own damnation in the next."

In 1722 his Lordſhip withdrew to France, and continued abroad about ten years. At his return in 1732 he publiſhed a fine edition of his Works in two volumes quarto. The remaining years of his life were paſſed in privacy and retirement.

This accompliſhed nobleman died on the 30th January 1735, leaving no male iſſue By his lady, widow of Thomas Thynne, Eſq. (father of Thomas Lord Viſcount Weymouth) and daughter of Edward Villiers, Earl of Jerſey, he had iſſue four daughters, Anne, Mary, Grace, and Elizabeth. His lady died but a few days before him.

Mr. Pope, with many other poets of the firſt eminence, have celebrated Lord Lanſdowne, who ſeems to have been a good-natured agreeable nobleman. The luſtre of his ſtation, no doubt, procured him more incenſe than the force of his genius would otherwiſe have attracted; but he appears not to have been deſtitute of fine parts, which were, however, rather elegantly poliſhed than great in themſelves.

Lord Lanſdowne likewiſe wrote a maſk called Peleus and Thetis. His Lordſhip's Works have been often printed both in quarto and in duodecimo *.

* This edition is printed from the quarto of 1732, publiſhed under his Lordſhip's inſpection. See the following *Preface* for the reaſons of that edition.

THE PREFACE.

At my return, after near ten years' abſence, I found ſeveral editions had been publiſhed of Verſes and Poems, &c. under my name, but ſo maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of countenance, had not the public received them with ſuch diſtinguiſhing candour, even under all thoſe diſadvantages.

As it is plain, from their ſeveral ſubjects, that they were compoſed, for the moſt part, in the earlieſt time of my appearance in the world, I can attribute that indulgence to no other conſideration but a generous connivance at youthful follies.

So favourable a reception, however, led me, in this time of leiſure and retirement, to examine upon what foundation I had been ſo much obliged to the public, and in that examination I have diſcovered ſuch ſtrange variations from the original writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the negligence, ignorance, or conceitedneſs, of different tranſcribers from ſurreptitious copies: many things attributed to myſelf of which, by not belonging to me, it would be unjuſt to aſſume the merit; and as many attributed to others which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjuſt to leave them to the cenſure.

To rectify therefore all paſt miſtakes, and to prevent all future impoſitions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this preſent publication; diſowning

whatever has been or may hereafter be publiſhed in my name, but what has the ſanction of being printed by Mr. Jacob Tonſon and Mr. Lawton Gilliver, excepting two comedies, entitled Once a Lover and Always a Lover, and The Jew of Venice, altered from Shakeſpeare.

As theſe Poems ſeem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and ſhort of ſo inimitable an original, they may, however, be permitted to remain to poſterity as a faithful regiſter of the reigning beauties in the ſucceeding age.

Upon that merit alone the Author preſumes to recommend them to the patronage of the fair ſex.

LANSDOWNE.

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

MR. WALLER TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS VERSES TO THE KING.

An early plant which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhows a genius ſo beyond his years,
A judgment that could make ſo fair a choice,
So high a ſubject to employ his voice,
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King!

VERSES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT.

Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgons.

I.

Why, Granville! is thy life to ſhades confin'd?
Thou whom the gods deſign'd
In public to do credit to mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors ſo many ages paſt,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt
In thee, when thy victorious lance *
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of France.

* At a carouſal at Paris, in the year 1689.

II.

In the firſt trials which are made for fame,
Thoſe to whom Fate ſucceſs denies,
If, taking counſel from their ſhame,
They modeſtly retreat, are wiſe:
But why ſhould you, who ſtill ſucceed,
Whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread
In ſhining balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt praiſe to thee?
Such harmony in ev'ry motion 's found
As art could ne'er expreſs by any ſound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from courts and camps retire?
If Mira is unkind, if it can be
That any nymph can be unkind to thee,
If, penſive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your lyre;
Your tender ſong and your melodious ſtrain
Can never be addreſs'd in vain;
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back again.

MISCELLANIES.

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,

Being then not twelve years of age,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

At Trinity-College in Cambridge.

When, join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Deſcend to view the Muſes' humble ſeat,
Tho' in mean lines they their vaſt joys declare,
Yet for ſincerity and truth they dare
With your own Taſſo's mighty ſelf compare.
Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them ſuch praiſes as to Heav'n they give;
Their praiſes for that gentle influence
Which thoſe auſpicious lights, your eyes, diſpenſe;
Thoſe radiant eyes, whoſe irreſiſtleſs flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe:
They conquer for the Duke; where'er you tread
Millions of proſelytes behind are led:
Thro' crowds of new-made converts ſtill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious ſhow.
Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conqueſt than his arms e'er gain'd:

With all war's rage he may abroad o'ercome,
But love 's a gentler victory at home:
Securely here he on that face relies,
Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes,
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, blefs'd with fuch a wife.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

MR. EDMUND WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celeftial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown afpire,
Till, crown'd with honour and immortal name,
By wit or valour led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods who breath'd the noble flame.
To high exploits the praifes that belong
Live but as nourifh'd by the poet's fong.
A tree of life is facred poetry;
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye:
Many there are who nibble without leave,
But none who are not born to tafte furvive.
Waller fhall never die, of life fecure
As long as Fame or aged Time endure:
Waller! the Mufe's darling, free to tafte
Of all their ftores, the mafter of the feaft;

Not like old Adam, ſtinted in his choice,
But lord of all the ſpacious paradiſe.
  Thoſe foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once to do juſtice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praiſe,
No rival ſtrives but for a ſecond place;
No want conſtrain'd (the writer's uſual fate)
A poet with a plentiful eſtate;
The firſt of mortals who before the tomb
Struck that pernicious monſter, Envy, dumb;
Malice and Pride, thoſe ſavages, diſarm'd;
Not Orpheus with ſuch pow'rful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more
Than, living, we agreed to give before.
  His noble Muſe employ'd her gen'rous rage
In crowning virtue, ſcorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No Satyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods, abound:
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the ſound.
His Eden with no ſerpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.
  Miſtaken men his Muſe of flatt'ry blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name.
We raiſe our own by giving fame to foes:
The valour that he prais'd he did oppoſe.
  Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The ſtate and bus'neſs ſhar'd his ample mind:

As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So ſenates to his wiſdom would ſubmit.
His voice ſo ſoft, his eloquence ſo ſtrong,
Like Cato's was his ſpeech, like Ovid's was his ſong.
Our Britiſh kings are rais'd above the hearſe,
Immortal made in his immortal verſe;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celeſtial Charles's and juſt James:
Juno and Pallas, all the ſhining race
Of heav'nly beauties, to the Queen give place:
Clear like her brow, and graceful, was his ſong,
Great like her mind, and like her virtue ſtrong.
Parent of gods! who doſt to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd, and which thy ſeat above?
Waller the god of Verſe we will proclaim;
Not Phœbus now, but Waller, be his name:
Of joyful bards the ſweet ſeraphic quire
Acknowledge thee their oracle and fire;
The ſpheres do homage, and the Muſes ſing
Waller the god of Verſe who was the king.

ON THE QUEEN'S PICTURE,

GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR ANOTHER.

Of the rude Indians, artleſs and untaught,
So brighteſt jewels are with trifles bought:
Deceiv'd Ixion's fate revers'd is ſhow'd,
Imperial Juno giv'n for a cloud.

ON THE QUEEN.

WHEN we reflect upon our charming Queen,
Her wit, her beauty, her imperial mien,
Majeſtic Juno in her air we find,
The form of Venus, with Minerva's mind:
Who was ſo grac'd, ſhe, ſhe was fit alone
With royal James to fill the Britiſh throne.

LOVE.

To love is to be doom'd on earth to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell.
The vulture dipping in Prometheus' ſide
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is love. The ſtone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the lab'rer's toil, returning ſtill,
Is love. Thoſe ſtreams where Tantalus is curſt
To ſit, and never drink, with endleſs thirſt;
Thoſe loaden boughs that with their burthen bend
To court his taſte, and yet eſcape his hand;
All this is love, that to diſſembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief deſtroys.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

The god of Day, descending from above,
Mix'd with the sea, and got the queen of Love.
Beauty that fires the world 't was fit should rise
From him alone who lights the stars and skies.
In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd,
The lovers' toil she gratefully repaid;
Promiscuous blessings to her slaves assign'd,
And taught the world that Beauty should be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair! to charm;
Bright be your beams, but without scorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expense of blood and empire sought.
Beauty and love the noblest cause afford
That can try valour or employ the sword:
Not men alone incited by her charms,
But Heav'n 's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan, gloriously possest,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to Fate the rest.
Your cold reflections, Moralists! forbear;
His title 's best who best can please the fair.
And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce desires, distractions, and despairs
Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Resolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And saw a thousand rivals to the sun;

Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care,
In new productions, to delight the fair.
To bright Aspasia Socrates retir'd;
His wisdom grew but as his love inspir'd.
Those rocks and oaks which such emotions felt,
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt.
Music and songs, and ev'ry way to move
The ravish'd heart, were seeds and plants of love.
The gods, entic'd by so divine a birth,
Descend from heav'n to this new heav'n on earth.
Thy wit, O Mercury! is no defence from love;
Nor, Mars! thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove!
The mad immortals, in a thousand shapes,
Range the wide globe: some yield, some suffer rapes;
Invaded or deceiv'd not one escapes:
The wife, tho' a bright goddess, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of fresh embrace.
By such examples were we taught to see
The life and soul of love is sweet variety.
In those first times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleasures, polishing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obscene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the lust of boys:
Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno, jealous, storms at Ganymede.
Return, my Muse! and close that odious scene,
Nor stain thy verse with images unclean:

Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining progreſs view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light purſue,
Tell how the goddeſs ſpread, and how in empire grew.
Let others govern or defend the ſtate,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and ſciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boaſted ſkill;
To marble and to braſs ſuch features give,
The metal and the ſtone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the ſtars and planetary way,
And trace the footſteps of eternal day:
Be this, my Muſe! thy pleaſure and thy care,
A ſlave to Beauty, to record the fair;
Still wand'ring in love's ſweet delicious maze
To ſing the triumphs of ſome heav'nly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a ſmile or frown
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant lover crown;
From Venus down to Mira bring thy ſong,
To thee alone ſuch tender taſks belong.
From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light.
Frown not, ye Fair! to hear of ſwarthy dames
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd:
Jewels that ſhine, in gold or ſilver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in jet.

Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art;
The firſt who gave recruited ſlaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more uſe than ſhow;
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, thoſe lords of all,
Each in his turn, preſent the conquer'd ball;
Thoſe dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the light
From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her ſight:
Nor was her death leſs glorious than her life,
A conſtant miſtreſs, and a faithful wife.
Her dying truth ſome gen'rous tears would coſt,
Had not her fate inſpir'd "The World Well Loſt *."
With ſecret pride the raviſh'd Muſes view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.
Pleas'd in ſuch happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for ſome ages revell'd with delight.
The martial Moors, in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind.
See! in the liſts, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's ſound;
Some love-device is wrought on ev'ry ſword,
And ev'ry ribbon bears ſome myſtic word:
As when we ſee the winged winds engage,
Mounted on courſers foaming flame and rage,

* All For Love; or, The World Well Loſt. Written by Mr. Dryden.

Ruſtling from ev'ry quarter of the ſky,
North, eaſt, and weſt, in airy ſwiftneſs vie,
One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring war:
So when the trumpet ſounding gives the ſign,
The juſtling chiefs in rude rencounter join;
So meet, and ſo renew the dext'rous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight,
Still as one falls another ruſhes in,
And all muſt be o'ercome or none can win:
The victor, from the ſhining dame whoſe eyes
Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.
Thus flouriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in ſtate,
Till the proud Spaniard gave theſe glories date:
Paſt is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Tranſmitted ſafe in Dryden's lofty ſcenes:
Granada * loſt beheld her pomps reſtor'd,
And Almahide † once more by kings ador'd.
Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright nymphs the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
Romances, which relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and proweſs of advent'rous knights,
To animate their rage, a kiſs record
From Britain's faireſt nymph was the reward.
Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
Of Britiſh beauty, and ſo wide the fame,

* The Conqueſt of Granada. Written by Mr. Dryden.

† The part of Almahide performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, miſtreſs to King Charles II.

Which, like our flag upon the ſeas, gives law
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.
  Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, ſtand as renown'd for love:
A monarch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy Roſamond, great Henry! on the ſtage
By a late Muſe preſented in our age,
With aching hearts and flowing eyes we view,
While that diſſembled death preſents the true:
In Bracegirdle * the perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the ſpectators ſee.
  Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings
Thy captives, Edward! Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high deeds thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt trophy rais'd.
Thy ſtatues, Venus! tho' by Phidias' hand
Deſign'd immortal, yet no longer ſtand;
The magic of thy ſhining zone is paſt,
But Saliſbury's garter ſhall for ever laſt,
Which, thro' the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to ſceptres, and does crowns adorn.
  If ſuch their fame who gave theſe rights divine
To ſacred Love, O what diſhonour 's thine,
Forgetful Queen! who ſever'd that bright head †
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?

* A famous actreſs.
† Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

Hadſt thou been born a man, thou hadſt not err'd;
Thy fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd.
But, O! what mighty magic can aſſwage
A woman's envy and a bigot's rage?
Love tir'd at length, Love! that delights to ſmile,
Flying from ſcenes of horror, quits our iſle*:
With Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for Love and Charles were one:
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns;
But, O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
As eager flames, with oppoſition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent;
As a fierce torrent bounded in his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace;
From the loud palace to the ſilent grove,
All by the King's example live and love;
The Muſes with diviner voices ſing,
And all rejoice to pleaſe the godlike king.
Then Waller in immortal verſe proclaims
The ſhining court, and all the glitt'ring dames.
Thy beauty Sidney †, like Achilles' ſword,
Reſiſtleſs ſtands upon as ſure record;
The fierceſt hero and the brighteſt dame,
Both ſung alike, ſhall have their fate the ſame.

* The rebellion, and death of King Charles I.

† The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under the name of Sachariſſa.

And now, my Muſe! a nobler flight prepare,
And ſing ſo loud that heav'n and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray
Of heav'nly light illuminates the day,
Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muſe! nor fear to raiſe
Thy voice to her who was thy earlieſt praiſe:
What tho' the ſullen Fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious line?
Keep thy bright theme within thy ſteady ſight,
The clouds ſhall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlaſting day direct thy lofty flight.
Thou who has never yet put on diſguiſe
To flatter faction, or deſcend to vice,
Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as Fame.
As when our eyes ſome proſpect would purſue,
Deſcending from a hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er lawns and meadows, till it gains
Some fav'rite ſpot, and, fixing, there remains;
With equal rapture my tranſported Muſe
Flies other objects, this bright theme to chuſe.
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our ſight,
A monarch's pride, his glory, and delight;
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd! if verſe can give
A deathleſs name, thine ſhall for ever live;

Invok'd where'er the Britiſh Lion roars,
Extended as the ſeas that gird the Britiſh ſhores.
The wiſe immortals in their ſeats above,
To crown their labours, ſtill appointed Love:
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddeſs of the Sea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has thee.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for ſtill thy queen is kind,
To lie but at whoſe feet more glory brings
Than 't is to tread on ſceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Who would not give their crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was Helen half ſo fair, ſo form'd for joy,
Well choſe the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But, ah! what ſtrange viciſſitudes of fate,
What chance, attends on ev'ry worldly ſtate!
As when the ſkies were ſack'd, the conquer'd gods,
Compell'd from heav'n, forſook their bleſs'd abodes,
Wand'ring in woods they hid from den to den,
And ſought their ſafety in the ſhapes of men:
As when the winds with kindling flames conſpire,
The blaze increaſes as they fan the fire,
From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor ſpares the palace nor the loftieſt tow'rs;
Or as the ſtately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, ſhooting to the ſky,
If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,

Level with loweſt ſhrubs lies the tall head
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was ſpread:
So — — — — — — — —
But ceaſe, my Muſe! thy colours are too faint;
Hide with a vail thoſe griefs which none can paint.
This ſun is ſet—but ſee in bright array
What hoſts of heav'nly light recruit the day!
Love in a ſhining galaxy appears
Triumphant ſtill, and Grafton leads the ſtars:
Ten thouſand Loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways,
Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
Her eyes, reſiſtleſs as the Syren's voice,
So ſweet 's the charm we make our fate our choice.
Who moſt reſembles her let next be nam'd,
Villiers *, for wiſdom and deep judgment fam'd;
Of a high race victorious Beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.
With what delight my Muſe to Sandwich flies,
Whoſe wit is piercing as her ſparkling eyes!
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when ſhe of Ormond ſings,
Of radiant Ormond! only fit to be
The ſucceſſor of beauteous Oſſory!
Richmond 's a title that, but nam'd, implies
Majeſtic graces and victorious eyes.
Fair Villiers firſt, then haughty Stewart came,
And Brud'nel now no leſs adorns the name.

* Counteſs of Orkney.

Dorſet already is immortal made
In Prior's verſe, nor needs a ſecond aid.
  By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find
That beauty to no climate is confin'd.
  Rupert, of royal blood, with modeſt grace
Bluſhes to hear the triumphs of her face.
  Not Helen with St. Albans might compare.
Nor let the Muſe omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare.
Hyde Venus is, the Graces are Kildare.
  Soft and delicious, as a ſouthern ſky,
Are Daſhwood's ſmiles; when Darnley * frowns we die.
Careleſs, but yet ſecure of conqueſt, ſtill
Lu'ſon, unaiming, never fails to kill † :
Guiltleſs of pride, to captivate or ſhine,
Bright without art, ſhe wounds without deſign.
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart
And takes a cruel pleaſure in the ſmart;
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing ſake;
Aſſerting the dominion of her eyes,
As heroes fight for glory, not for prize.
  The ſkilful Muſe's earlieſt care has been
The praiſe of never-fading Mazarine;
The poet || and his theme, in ſpight of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs prime.

* Lady Catharine Darnley, Ducheſs of Buckingham.

† Lady Gower.

|| St. Evremond, who has celebrated Madam Mazarine under the name of Hortenſe.

With charms ſo num'rous Mira does ſurpriſe,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.
 Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
O ſee another Brud'nel * heav'nly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix Love's empire in that race divine!
 Fain would my Muſe to Cecil † bend her ſight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy flight.
 O Kneller! like thy pictures were my ſong,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil ſtrong,
Theſe matchleſs beauties ſhould recorded be
Immortal in my verſe, as in thy gallery ||.

LADY HYDE

HAVING THE SMALL-POX,

Soon after the recovery of Mrs. Mohun.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts ſhew other dangers near;
Beauty 's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces kept their court;

* Lady Molyneux. † Lady Ranelaugh.

|| The gallery of beauties in Hampton Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In her chief reſidence beſieg'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt fields laid waſte.
On things immortal all attempts are vain;
Tyrant Diſeaſe! 't is loſs of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize,
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips and eyes:
Let her but live; as much vermilion take
As might a Helen or a Venus make;
Like Thetis ſhe ſhall fruſtrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms eſcape.
The twinkling ſtars drop numberleſs each night,
Yet ſhines the radiant firmament as bright:
So from the ocean ſhould we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

LADY HYDE

SITTING AT

SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S

FOR HER PICTURE.

While Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whoſe print 's on ev'ry heart,
The poet, with a pencil leſs confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and deſcribe her mind,

Unlock the ſhrine, and to the ſight unfold
The ſecret gems and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the Muſes name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame:
A Venus and a Helen have been ſeen
Both perjur'd wives, the goddeſs and the queen;
In this, the third, are reconcil'd at laſt
Thoſe jarring attributes of fair and chaſte;
With graces that attract, but not enſnare;
Divinely good, as ſhe 's divinely fair;
With beauty not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatneſs eaſy, affable, and good.
Others, by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindneſs, practiſe on our hearts,
With expectation blow the paſſion up;
She fans the fire without one gale of hope:
Like the chaſte moon ſhe ſhines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

LADY HYDE *.

WHEN fam'd Apelles ſought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,

* Afterwards Counteſs of Clarendon and Rocheſter.

To furnish graces for the piece
He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To shew how one immortal shin'd.
  Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all the train
Of goddesses, had summon'd been;
The painter must have search'd the skies
To match the lustre of her eyes.
  Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus and the new,
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

THE DESERTION.

Now fly, Discretion! to my aid,
See haughty Mira, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the sight!
She comes! she comes!—before her all
Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a destroyer fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
Sparing nor age nor sex,

Commands in chief: well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks, and eyes,
All oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe commander he, for council fit,
But nice and coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern ſynod, nor appear'd of late
In courts nor camps, nor in affairs of ſtate;
Reaſon proclaims them all his foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs charms oppoſe.

My very boſom-friends make war
Within my breaſt, and in her intereſts are:
Eſteem and Judgment, with ſtrong Fancy, join
To court and call the fair invader in;
My darling favourite, Inclination, too,
All, all conſpiring with the foe.

Ah! whither ſhall I fly to hide
My weakneſs from the conqueror's pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion! be my guide:
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too
Surrenders now;

Preſuming longer to reſiſt,
His very name
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim,
Folly and Madneſs only would perſiſt.

IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

Tune, tune thy lyre; begin, my Muſe!
What nymph, what queen, what goddeſs, wilt thou
Whoſe praiſes ſing? what charmer's name [chuſe?
Tranſmit immortal down to fame?
Strike, ſtrike thy ſtrings; let Echo take the ſound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round;
Pindus again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And Hæmus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus nor Diana will we name;
Mira is Venus and Diana too;
All that was feign'd of them apply'd to her is true:
Then ſing, my Muſe! let Mira be our theme.
As when the ſhepherds would a garland make,
They ſearch with care the fragrant meadows round,
Plucking but here and there, and only take
The choiceſt flowers, with which ſome nymph is
In framing Mira, ſo divinely fair, [crown'd;
Nature has taken the ſame care;

All that is lovely, noble, good, we fee,
All, beauteous Mira! all bound up in thee.
Where Mira is, there is the queen of Love,
Th'Arcadian paftures and th' Idalian grove.
Let Mira dance, fo charming is her mien,
In ev'ry movement ev'ry grace is feen:
Let Mira fing, the notes fo fweetly wound,
The Syrens would be filent at the found.
Place me on mountains of eternal fnow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow;
Or caft me underneath the burning line,
Where everlafting fun does fhine,
Where all is fcorch'd—Whatever you decree,
Ye gods! wherever I fhall be,
Mira fhall ftill be lov'd, and ftill ador'd by me.

THE DUCHESS OF ——

Unfeafonably furprifed in the embraces of her Lord.

Fairest Zelinda! ceafe to chide or grieve,
Nor blufh at joys that only you can give;
Who with bold eyes furvey'd thofe matchlefs charms
Is punifh'd, feeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his eyes, but envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars; and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief that he was not the god:

So to be caught was every god's deſire;
Nor leſs than Venus can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heav'nly fair,
Forgive his raſhneſs, puniſh'd by deſpair.
All that we know which wretched mortals feel
In thoſe ſad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is that they ſee the raptures of the bleſt,
And view the joys which they muſt never taſte.

MIRA SINGING.

THE Syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd;
Ty'd to the maſt Ulyſſes ſail'd unharm'd:
Had Mira's voice entic'd his liſt'ning ear,
The Greek had ſtopp'd, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Mira ſings we ſeek th' enchanting ſound,
And bleſs the notes that do ſo ſweetly wound.
What muſic needs muſt dwell upon that tongue
Whoſe ſpeech is tuneful as another's ſong!
Such harmony, ſuch wit, a face ſo fair,
So many pointed arrows, who can bear!
Who from her wit or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice ſhe overtakes him dies.
Like ſoldiers ſo in battle we ſucceed,
One peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed:
In vain the dart or glitt'ring ſword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaught'ring gun.

IMPROMPTU.

Written under a picture of the

COUNTESS OF SANDWICH DRAWN IN MAN'S HABIT.

When Sandwich in her ſex's garb we ſee,
The queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be;
Now fair Adonis in this male-diſguiſe, 3
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes:
No ſtyle of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who ſeem'd the goddeſs ſeems the god of Love. 6

WRITTEN UNDER

MRS. HARE'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

The gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love, prepare,
With cheerful bowls, to celebrate the fair;
Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite toaſt, 3
And Hare 's the goddeſs that delights him moſt:
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpets ſound,
And Bacchus, in a bumper, ſends it round. 6

WRITTEN UNDER THE

DUCHESS OF BOLTON'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

LOVE's keeneſt darts are radiant Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddeſs poiſons with deſpair;
The god of Wine the dire effect foreſees,
And ſends the juice that gives the lover eaſe.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

LADY HARPER'S NAME.

TO Harper, ſprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the roſy morn in May,
Fill to the brim, I 'll drink it up,
To the laſt drop, were poiſon in the cup.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

LADY MARY VILLIERS' NAME.

IF I not love you, Villiers, more
Than ever mortal lov'd before;
With ſuch a paſſion, fix'd and ſure,
As ev'n poſſeſſion could not cure,
Never to ceaſe but with my breath,
May then this bumper be my death.

VERSES

Written in a leaf of

THE AUTHOR'S POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earlieſt voice,
Made kings, and queens, and beauty's charms, her choice,
Now on her deathbed this laſt homage pays,
O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.
So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries
To warble one note more—and ſinging dies.
"Hail, mighty Queen! whoſe pow'rful ſmile alone
"Commands obedience, and ſecures the throne.
"Contending parties and plebeian rage
"Had puzzled loyalty for half an age;
"Conquering our hearts, you end the long diſpute;
"All who have eyes confeſs you abſolute:
"To Tory doctrines even Whigs reſign,
"And in your perſon own a right divine."
Thus ſang the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With Carolina's praiſe—and then expir'd.

Written in a leaf of the ſame poems, preſented to

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

When we 'd exalt ſome heav'nly fair,
To ſome bright goddeſs we compare:
Minerva wiſdom, Juno grace,
And Venus furniſhes the face.
In royal Anne's bright form is ſeen
What comprehends them all—the Queen.

WRITTEN IN

CLARINDA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

In vain, Clarinda! night and day
For pity to the gods you pray:
What arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

MIRA'S PARROT.

In thoſe firſt times, when nymphs were rude and coy,
The gods, diſguis'd, laid ambuſhes for joy:
From Jove in feathers, harmleſs to the ſight,
Leda, without a bluſh, accepts delight.
Mira! as chaſte as Leda, and more fair,
Forgive an anxious lover's jealous care;

And, O take heed! for, if ſuch tales were true,
The gods may practiſe theſe deſigns on you:
Their heav'n and all their brightneſs they will quit
For any form that may to you admit.
See how the wanton bird, at ev'ry glance,
Spreads his gay plumes, and feels an am'rous trance!
Preſs'd by that hand he melts at ev'ry touch;
Preſs'd by that hand who would not melt as much?
The queen of Beauty ſhall forſake the dove;
Henceforth the Parrot be the bird of Love.

MIRA AT A REVIEW

OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

LET meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Mira will by thouſands kill;
Thro' armed ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one glance commands a thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes nor reſiſt nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die.

THE VISION.

IN lonely walks, diſtracted by deſpair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, ſwelling with ſighs the wind,
Thro' paths untrodden day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my ſucceſsleſs love.

Who moft defire to live untimely fall,
But when we beg to die Death flies our call.
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breaft,
In midft of joy, where Venus wont to reft:
That fate, which cruel feem'd to him, would be
Pity, relief, and happinefs, to me.
When will my forrows end? In vain, in vain,
I call to Heav'n, and tell the gods my pain;
The gods averfe, like Mira, to my pray'r,
Confent to doom whom fhe denies to fpare.
Why do I feek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my fide the pow'r to die?
Be keen, my Sword! and ferve thy mafter well;
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
Straight up I rofe, and to my aching breaft,
My bofom bare, the ready point I preft,
When, lo! aftonifh'd, an unufual light
Pierc'd the thick fhade, and all around grew bright;
My dazzled eyes a radiant form * behold,
Splendid with light like beams of burning gold;
Eternal rays his fhining temples grace,
Eternal youth fat blooming on his face;
Trembling I liften, proftrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and mufic 's in the found.
"Ceafe, Lover! ceafe thy tender heart to vex
"In fruitlefs plaints of an ungrateful fex;
"In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ
"That women ever fhall be foes to wit.

* Apollo.

"With proper arts their sickly minds command,
"And please 'em with the things they understand:
"With noisy fopperies their hearts assail;
"Renounce all sense: how should thy songs pre-
"When I, the god of Wit, so oft' could fail? [vail
"Remember me; and in my story find
"How vainly merit pleads to womankind.
"I, by whom all things shine, who tune the spheres,
"Create the day, and gild the night with stars,
"Whose youth and beauty from all ages past
"Sprang with the world, and with the world shall last,
"How oft' with fruitless tears have I implor'd
"Ungrateful nymphs? and, tho' a god, ador'd!
"When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
"Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, secure its truth?
"Here a proud nymph with painful steps I chase,
"The winds outflying in our nimble race:
"Stay, Daphne! stay—In vain, in vain, I try
"To stop her speed, redoubling at my cry:
"O'er craggy rocks and rugged hills she climbs,
"And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs,
"Till caught at length, just as my arms I fold,
"Turn'd to a tree, she yet escapes my hold.
"In my next love a diff'rent fate I find:
"Ah! which is worse, the false or the unkind?
"Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis chose,
"A kinder nymph—too kind for my repose.

“ The joys I give but more provoke her breaſt;
“ She keeps a private drudge * to quench the reſt:
“ How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
“ Her black pollution, and reveal my ſhame.
“ Hard lot of beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
“ Or given to the falſe or to the proud;
“ By diff'rent ways they bring us equal pain;
“ The falſe betray us, and the proud diſdain.
“ Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,
“ To ſeek more truth in my own native ſky.
“ Venus, the faireſt of immortal loves,
“ Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
“ With glowing eyes, confeſſing warm deſires,
“ She ſummons heav'n and earth to quench her fires:
“ Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore
“ Who neither god nor man refus'd before:
“ Vulcan, the very monſter of the ſkies,
“ Vulcan ſhe takes, the god of Wit denies!
“ Then ceaſe to murmur at thy Mira's pride,
“ Whimſey, not reaſon, is the female guide:
“ The fate of which their maſter does complain
“ Is of bad omen to th' inſpired train.
“ What vows have fail'd! Hark, how Catullus mourns,
“ How Ovid weeps, and ſlighted Gallus burns!

* The nymph Coronis was beloved by Apollo, but at the ſame time had a private intrigue with one Iſchis, which was diſcovered by a crow.

"In melting ſtrains ſee gentle Waller bleed;
" Unmov'd ſhe heard what none unmov'd can read.
" And thou who, oft' with ſuch ambitious choice,
" Haſt rais'd to Mira thy aſpiring voice,
" What profit thy neglected zeal repays?
" Ah! what return? ungrateful to thy praiſe!
" Change, change thy ſtyle, with mortal rage return:
" Unjuſt diſdain, and pride oppoſe to ſcorn:
" Search all the ſecrets of the fair and young,
" And then proclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy tongue;
" The ſharp detractor with ſucceſs aſſails,
" Sure to be gentle to the man that rails.
" Women, like cowards, tame to the ſevere,
" Are only fierce when they diſcover fear."
Thus ſpake the god, and upward mounts in air,
In juſt reſentment of his paſt deſpair.
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The Furies round, and dip my pen in gall:
Not one ſhall 'ſcape of all the coz'ning ſex;
Vex'd ſhall they be who ſo delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle Muſe, ſo us'd to tender love;
Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write,
Turns all to ſoft complaint and am'rous flight.
Begone, fond thoughts, begone! be bold, ſaid I,
Satire's thy theme—in vain again I try:
So charming Mira to each ſenſe appears,
My ſoul adores, my rage diſſolves in tears.

739

So the gall'd lion, ſmarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the foreſt ſound;
With his ſtrong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his ſide with more provoking ſmart,
Till, having ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my Soul! of worldly noiſe,
Of aëry pomps and fleeting joys.
What does this buſy world provide at beſt
But brittle goods that break like glaſs;
But poiſon'd ſweets, a troubled feaſt,
And pleaſures like the winds, that in a moment paſs?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty! ah! how vain,
And how ſhort-liv'd, thoſe glories are
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In duſt we no diſtinction ſee:
Such Helen is, ſuch, Mira! thou muſt be.

III.

How ſhort is life! why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch for a ſmile?

What is that monarch but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a ſpan?
With all his guards and his dominions he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we.

IV.

Thoſe boaſted names of conquerors and kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One deſtin'd period men in common have,
The great, the baſe, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and paraſite together lie:
No fortune can exalt but Death will climb as high.

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING*.

The princes ſat. Beauty and Law contend:
The queen of Love will her own cauſe defend.
Secure ſhe looks, as certain none can ſee
Such Beauty plead and not her captive be.
What need of words with ſuch commanding eyes?
"Muſt I then ſpeak? O Heav'ns!" the charmer cries:

* King Charles II. having made a grant of the reverſion of an office in the Court of King's Bench to his ſon the Duke of Grafton, the Lord Chief Juſtice laying claim to it, as a perquiſite legally belonging to his office, the cauſe came to be heard before the Houſe of Lords between the Ducheſs, relict of the ſaid Duke, and the Chief Juſtice.

"O barbarous clime! where Beauty borrows aid
"From eloquence to charm or to perſuade!
"Will Diſcord never leave, with envious Care,
"To raiſe debate? But Diſcord governs here.
"To Juno Pallas wiſdom, fame, and pow'r,
"Long ſince preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
"Confeſs'd to fight, three goddeſſes deſcend
"On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;
"Nobly they bid, and laviſhly purſue
"A gift that only could be Beauty's due.
"Honours and wealth the gen'rous judge denies,
"And gives the triumph to the brighteſt eyes.
"Such precedents are numberleſs: we draw
"Our right from cuſtom; cuſtom is a law:
"As high as heav'n, as wide as ſeas or land,
"As ancient as the world, is our command.
"Mars and Alcides would this plea allow;
"Beauty was ever abſolute till now.
"It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
"And, right or wrong, he ſhould his claim reſign.
"Not bears nor tigers ſure ſo ſavage are
"As theſe ill-manner'd monſters of the bar.
"Loud Rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine*,
"Whoſe matchleſs form, to counterbalance mine,

* A report ſpread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the Lord Chief Juſtice, who would appear at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, and eclipſe the charms of the Ducheſs of Grafton. No ſuch lady was ſeen there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

" By dint of beauty ſhall extort your grace :
" Let her appear, this rival, face to face ;
" Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this ſtrife decide :
" Now when I lighten let her beams be try'd.
" Was 't a vain promiſe and a gownman's lie ?
" Or ſtands ſhe here unmark'd when I am by ?
" So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elis round
" Another Jupiter was ſaid to ſound ;
" On brazen floors the royal actor tries
" To ape the thunder rattling in the ſkies ;
" A brandiſh'd torch, with emulating blaze,
" Affects the forky lightning's pointed rays :
" Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
" Thro' crowds of worſhippers, and acts the god.
" The ſire Omnipotent prepares the brand
" By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand,
" Then flaming hurls it hiſſing from above,
" And in the vaſt abyſs confounds the mimic Jove.
" Preſumptuous Wretch ! with mortal art to dare
" Immortal pow'r, and brave the Thunderer.
  " Caſſiope preferring, with diſdain,
" Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain :
" The daughter, for the mother's guilty ſcorn,
" Is doom'd to be devour'd : the mother 's borne
" Above the clouds, where, by immortal light
" Revers'd, ſhe ſhines, expos'd to human ſight,
" And to a ſhameful poſture is confin'd,
" As an etern[illegible]rror to mankind.

" Did thus the gods ſuch private nymphs reſpect,
" What vengeance might the queen of Love expect!
" But grant ſuch arbitrary pleas are vain,
" Wav'd let them be; mere juſtice ſhall obtain.
" Who to a huſband juſtlier can ſucceed
" Than the ſoft partner of his nuptial bed?
" Or to a father's right lay ſtronger claim
" Than the dear youth in whom ſurvives his name?
" Behold that youth, conſider whence he ſprings,
" And in his royal veins reſpect your kings;
" Immortal Jove upon a mortal ſhe
" Begat his ſire; ſecond from Jove is he.
" Well did the father blindly fight your cauſe,
" Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,
" If by thoſe laws, for which he loſt his life *,
" You ſpoil ungratefully the ſon and wife.
" What need I more? 't is treaſon to diſpute:
" The grant was royal; that decides the ſuit.
" Shall vulgar laws imperial pow'r conſtrain?
" Kings and the gods can never act in vain."
She finiſh'd here, the queen of ev'ry grace!
Diſdain vermilioning her heav'nly face:
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult riſe,
And one wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand eyes.
O might ſome champion finiſh theſe debates,
My ſword ſhould end what now my pen relates!

* The Duke of Grafton, ſlain at the ſiege of Corke in Ireland about the beginning of the Revolution.

Up roſe the Judge, on each ſide bending low,
A crafty ſmile accompanies his bow;
Ulyſſes-like, a gentle pauſe he makes,
Then, raiſing by degrees his voice, he ſpeaks.
"In you, my Lords, who judge, and all who hear,
"Methinks I read your wiſhes for the fair:
"Nor can I wonder; even I contend
"With inward pain, unwilling to offend;
"Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a defence
"That may diſpleaſe ſuch heav'nly excellence.
"Might we the laws on any terms abuſe,
"So bright an influence were the beſt excuſe.
"Let Niobe's * juſt fate, the vile diſgrace
"Of the Propœtides' † polluted race,
"Let death, or ſhame, or lunacy, ſurpriſe
"Who dare to match the luſtre of thoſe eyes.
"Aloud the faireſt of the ſex complain
"Of captives loſt, and loves invok'd in vain;
"At her appearance all their glory ends,
"And not a ſtar but ſets when ſhe aſcends.
"Where Love preſides ſtill may ſhe bear the prize,
"But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes:

* Niobe, turned into a ſtone for preſuming to compare herſelf with Diana.

† Propœtides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open proſtitution, and afterwards turned into ſtone.

"Charms to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
"Minos and Rhadamanthus* difavow:
"Juftice, by nothing biafs'd or inclin'd,
"Deaf to perfuafion, to temptation blind,
"Determines without favour, and the laws
"O'erlook the parties to decide the caufe.
"What then avails it that a beardlefs boy
"Took a rafh fancy for a female toy?
"Th' infulted Argives, with a num'rous hoft,
"Purfue revenge, and feek the Dardan coaft.
"Tho' the gods built, and tho' the gods defend,
"Thofe lofty towers, the hoftile Greeks afcend,
"Nor leave they till the town in afhes lies,
"And all the race of royal Priam dies.
"The queen of Paphos†, mixing in the fray,
"Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;
"In perfon in the foremoft ranks fhe ftands,
"Provokes the charge, directs, affifts, commands:
"Stern Diomed, advancing high in air
"His lofty jav'lin, ftrikes the heav'nly fair;
"The vaulted fkies with her loud fhrieks refound,
"And high Olympus trembles at the wound.
"In caufes juft would all the gods oppofe,
"'Twere honeft to difpute; fo Cato chofe.

* Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legiflators, who, for their ftrict adminiftration of juftice, were, after their deaths, made chief judges in the infernal regions.

† Venus.

"Diſmiſs that plea, and what ſhall blood avail?
"If Beauty is deny'd, ſhall Birth prevail?
"Blood and high deeds in diſtant ages done
"Are our forefathers' merit, not our own.
"Might none a juſt poſſeſſion be allow'd
"But who could bring deſert, or boaſt of blood,
"What numbers, ev'n here, might be condemn'd,
"Stripp'd and deſpoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd!
"Take a juſt view, how many may remark
"Who now 's a peer his grandſire was a clerk.
"Some few remain ennobled by the ſword
"In Gothic times; but now, to be My Lord,
"Study the law; nor do theſe robes deſpiſe;
"Honour the gown, from whence your honours riſe.
"Thoſe fam'd Dictators who ſubdu'd the globe
"Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe.
"The mighty Julius pleading at the bar
"Was greater than when, thund'ring in the war,
"He conquer'd nations. 'Tis of more renown
"To ſave a client than to ſtorm a town.
"How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
"What blood has ſhe not laviſh'd in their cauſe!
"Kings are like common ſlaves to ſlaughter led,
"Or wander thro' the world to beg their bread.
"When regal pow'r aſpires above the laws,
"A private wrong becomes a public cauſe."
He ſpoke. The nobles differ, and divide;
Some join with Law, and ſome with Beauty ſide.

Mordaunt, tho' once her ſlave, inſults the fair
Whoſe fetters 't was his pride in youth to wear.
So Lucifer revolted brav'd the Power
Whom he was wont to worſhip and implore:
Like impious is their rage who have in chaſe
A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
But Rocheſter, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the goddeſs with the charming eyes:
And, O! may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lies;
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries:
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when ſome image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his object his deſign;
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the juſt reſemblance ſpeaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are ſhown
And Nature ſits the object to be drawn;

The written picture we applaud or blame
But as the due proportions are the ſame.
Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or, void of art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gigantic forms and monſtrous births alone
Produce, which Nature, ſhock'd, diſdains to own.
By true reflection I would ſee my face;
Why brings the fool a magnifying-glaſs?
"(1) But Poetry in fiction takes delight,
"And, mounting in bold figures out of ſight,
"Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight:
"Fables and metaphors that always lie,
"And raſh hyperboles that ſoar ſo high,
"And every ornament of verſe muſt die."
Miſtake me not; no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care ſome happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very ſame;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn.
Important truths ſtill let your fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold.

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnaſſus, Pegaſus, and the Muſes, pure imagination and chimera: but being however a ſyſtem univerſally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation according to Nature ſhall be reputed as truth; but whatſoever ſhall diminiſh from, or exceed the juſt proportions of, Nature ſhall be rejected as falſe, and paſs for extravagance, as dwarfs and giants for monſters.

Ladies and beaus to pleafe is all the tafk,
But the fharp critic will inftruction afk.
(2) As veils tranfparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the phrafe we plainly fee the fenfe,
Truth, where the meaning 's obvious, will difpenfe;
The reader what in reafon 's due believes;
Nor can we call that falfe which not deceives.
(3) Hyperboles, fo daring and fo bold,
Difdaining bounds, are yet by rules controll'd:
Above the clouds, but ftill within our fight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight;

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a Lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal fenfe be falfe, the poet intending thereby to give his reader fome idea of the ftrength and fortitude of his hero. Had he faid that wolf, or that bear, this had been falfe, by prefenting an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of diverfe forts, and the manner of introducing them is different: fome are, as it were, naturalized and eftablifhed by a cuftomary way of expreffion; as when we fay fuch a one is as fwift as the wind, whiter than fnow, or the like. Homer, fpeaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itfelf; Martial of Zoilus, lewdnefs itfelf. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible fignification, though the expreffion be ftrained beyond credibility. Cuftom has likewife familiarized another way for hyperboles, for example, by irony; as when we fay of fome infamous woman fhe is a civil perfon, where the meaning is to be taken quite oppofite to the letter. Thefe few figures are mentioned only for example fake; it will be underftood that all others are to be ufed with the like care and difcretion.

Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander thro' incredible to true:
Falſehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
And truth, like ſilver, leaves the droſs behind.
  Thus poetry has ample ſpace to ſoar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore:
Such vaunts as his who can with patience read
Who thus deſcribes his hero ſlain and dead:
"(4) Kill'd as he was, inſenſible of death,
"He ſtill fights on, and ſcorns to yield his breath*."

(4) I needed not to have travelled ſo far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of Britiſh growth of the like nature:

> See thoſe dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
> Life may perhaps return----with change of air.

But I chuſe rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that ſuch as are conſcious of the like exceſſes will take the hint, and ſecretly reprove themſelves. It may be poſſible for ſome tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the laſt gaſp; but the ſoul and body once parted, there muſt neceſſarily be a determination of action.

> Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting, on this occaſion, as an example for the preſent purpoſe, two noble lines of Jaſper Main's, in the collection of the Oxford Verſes printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my grandfather Sir Bevil Granville, ſlain in the heat of action at the battle of Lanſdowne. The poet, after having deſcribed the fight, the ſoldiers, animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes,

> Thus he being ſlain, his action fought anew,
> And the dead conquer'd whilſt the living flew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compaſs of nature: it is thus only that the dead can act.

* Arioſto.

The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And burſt unaiming in the rended ſky.
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And Nature ſuffers in the wild extreme.
  The captive Cannibal, weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, diſdains;
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies,
With looks ſtill threat'ning, mocks their rage and dies.
This is the utmoſt ſtretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulſome, falſe, and vain.
  Beauty 's the theme; ſome nymph divinely fair
Excites the Muſe: let truth be even there:
As painters flatter ſo may poets too,
But to reſemblance muſt be ever true.
" (5) The day that ſhe was born the Cyprian Queen
" Had like t' have dy'd thro' envy and thro' ſpleen;
" The Graces in a hurry left the ſkies
" To have the honour to attend her eyes;
" And Love, deſpairing in her heart a place,
" Would needs take up his lodging in her face *."

(5) Le jour qu'elle naquit, Venus bien qu' immortelle,
Penſa mourir de honte, en la voyant ſi belle,
Les Graces a l'envi deſcendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l'honeur d'accompagner ſes yeux;
Et l'Amour, qui ne put entrer dans ſon courage,
Voulut obſtinement loger ſur ſon viſage.

This is a lover's deſcription of his miſtreſs by the great Corneille; civil, to be ſure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and he will ſee how much more

* Corneille.

Tho' wrote by great Corneille, ſuch lines as theſe,
Such civil nonſenſe, ſure could never pleaſe.
Waller the beſt of all th' inſpired train
To melt the fair inſtructs the dying ſwain.

naturally and delicately the Engliſh author treats the article of love than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not however be thought, by any derogatory quotation, to take from the merit of a writer whoſe reputation is ſo univerſally and ſo juſtly eſtabliſhed in all nations; but, as I ſaid before, I rather chuſe, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by inſtances drawn from their own writings, *humanum eſt errare.* I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. King of France, by way of queſtion and anſwer, which in Engliſh is verbatim thus,

Under this marble who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has ſo great a king ſo ſmall a ſtone?
Of that great king here 's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No----here he lies all----for he was all heart.

The author was a Gaſcon, to whom I can properly oppoſe no body ſo well as a Welchman; for which purpoſe I am farther furniſhed from the fore-mentioned collection of Oxford Verſes, with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the ſame ſubject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Beſides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very ſeat and nurſery of the Muſes?

Thus ſlain, thy valiant anceſtor * did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompaſs'd round he victor ſtood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conqu'ring blood,

* Sir Richard Granville, Vice-admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his ſingle ſhip againſt the whole armada of Spain, conſiſting of fifty-three of their beſt men of war.

(6) The Roman wit *, who impiouſly divides
His hero and his gods to different ſides,
I would condemn, but that, in ſpite of ſenſe,
Th' admiring world ſtill ſtands in his defence.
How oft', alas! the beſt of men in vain
Contend for bleſſings which the worſt obtain?
The gods permitting traitors to ſucceed
Become not parties in an impious deed,
And by the tyrant's murder we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.

Till all the purple current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where ſhall the next fam'd Granville's aſhes ſtand?
Thy grandſire's fill the ſea, and thine the land.

I cannot ſay the two laſt lines in which conſiſts the ſting or point of the epigram, are ſtrictly conformable to the rule herein ſet down: the word *aſhes*, metaphorically, can ſignify nothing but fame, which is mere ſound, and can fill no ſpace either of land or ſea: the Welchman however muſt be allowed to have outdone the Gaſcon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at firſt ſight; but the Engliſh ſtrikes the fancy, ſuſpends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to paſs under the ſhelter of thoſe daring hyperboles which, by preſenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(6) Victrix cauſa Deis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

The conſent of ſo many ages having eſtabliſhed the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be preſumption to attack it; but it is not to be ſuppoſed that Cato, who is deſcribed to have been a man of rigid morals and ſtrict devotion, more reſembling the gods than men, would have choſen any party in oppoſition to thoſe gods whom he profeſſed to adore. The poet

* Lucan.

Thus forcing truth with ſuch prepoſt'rous praiſe,
Our characters we leſſen when we 'd raiſe;
Like caſtles built by magic art in air,
That vaniſh at approach, ſuch thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth by ſome judicious hand,
As on a rock they ſhall for ages ſtand.
(7) Our King return'd *, and baniſh'd Peace re- [ſtor'd;
The Muſe ran mad to ſee her exil'd lord;

would give us to underſtand, that his hero was too righteous a perſon to accompany the divinities themſelves in an unjuſt cauſe; but to repreſent a mortal man to be either wiſer or juſter than the Deity, may ſhew the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reaſon nor religion will allow it; and it is impoſſible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine; ſucceſs implies permiſſion, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving ſide, is to make them partakers of all ſucceſsful wickedneſs: to judge rght, we muſt wait for the concluſion of the action; the cataſtrophe will beſt decide on which ſide is Providence; and the violent death of Cæſar acquits the gods from being companions of his uſurpation.

Lucan was a determined Republican, no wonder he was a Free-thinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden in one of his prologues has theſe two lines:

He 's bound to pleaſe, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain, where he has expoſed himſelf to the critics, he was forced to follow the faſhion to humour an audience, and not to pleaſe himſelf: a hard ſacrifice to make for preſent ſubſiſtence, eſpecially for ſuch as would have their writings live as well as themſelves. Nor can the poet whoſe

* King Charles II.

On the crack'd ſtage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
And ſcarce could ſpeak one reaſonable word:
Dryden himſelf, to pleaſe a frantic age, [c]
Was forc'd to let his judgment ſtoop to rage;
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to cuſtom, but not err'd by choice.

labours are his daily bread be delivered from this cruel neceſſity, unleſs ſome more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under ſome more impartial management than the juriſdiction of players. Who write to live muſt unavoidably comply with their taſte by whoſe approbation they ſubſiſt; ſome generous prince, or prime miniſter like Richlieu, can only find a remedy. In his epiſtle dedicatory to The Spaniſh Friar, this incomparable poet thus cenſures himſelf:

"I remember ſome verſes of my own Maximin and Almanzor which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, *&c.* All I can ſay for thoſe paſſages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to pleaſe even when I wrote them; but I repent of them among my ſins; and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my preſent writings, I draw a ſtroke over thoſe Dalilahs of the theatre, and am reſolved I will ſettle myſelf no reputation by the applauſe of fools: it is not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted judges as I ſhould to raiſe an eſtate by cheating of bubbles: neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle in tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly ſublime that is not juſt and proper."

This may ſtand as an unanſwerable apology for Mr. Dryden againſt his critics; and likewiſe for an unqueſtionable authority to confirm thoſe principles which the foregoing poem pretends to lay down; for nothing can be juſt and proper but what is built upon truth.

Deem then the people's, not the writer's, ſin
Almanſor's rage and rants of Maximin:
That fury ſpent, in each elaborate piece
He vies for ſame with ancient Rome and Greece.
  Firſt Mulgrave roſe, Roſcommon next*, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight;
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide:
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May in their leſſons learn the road to fame:
But let the bold adventurer be ſure
That ev'ry line the teſt of truth endure:
On this foundation may the fabric riſe,
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the ſkies.
  From pulpits baniſh'd, from the court, from love,
Forſaken Truth ſeeks ſhelter in the grove:
Cheriſh, ye Muſes! the neglected fair,
And take into your train the abandon'd wanderer.

* Earl of Mulgrave's Eſſay upon Poetry, and Lord Roſcommon's upon Tranſlated Verſe.

THE RELIEF.

OF two reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind,
Flavia preſcribes deſpair: I urge Be kind.
Flavia be kind; the remedy 's as ſure;
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

LOVE is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Deſtroy'd by Knowledge, and at beſt
Loſt in the moment 't is poſſeſt.

FOR LIBERALITY.

THO' ſafe thou think'ſt thy treaſure lies,
Hidden in cheſts from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy veſſel that yon' ocean ſtems,
Loaded with golden duſt and gems,
Purchas'd with ſo much pains and coſt,
Yet in a tempeſt may be loſt.
Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankleſs crew,
Prieſts, pickpockets, and lawyers too,
All help by ſeveral ways to drain,
Thanking themſelves for what they gain.
The liberal are ſecure alone,
For what we frankly give for ever is our own.

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

"Why pines my dear?" to Fulvia, his young bride,
Who weeping ſat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "ſuch viſions break my reſt,
"The ſtrangeſt thoughts! I think I am poſſeſt:
"My ſymptoms I have told to men of ſkill,
"And if I would---they ſay---I might be well."
"Take their advice," ſaid he, "my poor dear wife!
"I'll buy at any rate thy precious life."
Bluſhing ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain;
A doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her pain.
Hard preſs'd, ſhe yields. From White's, or Will's, or Tom's,
No matter which, he's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful huſband, with a kind embrace,
Entreats his care; then bows, and quits the place;
For little ailments oft' attend the fair
Not decent for a huſband's eye or ear.
Something the dame would ſay: the ready knight
Prevents her ſpeech--"Here's that ſhall ſet you right,
"Madam," ſaid he--With that the door's made cloſe;
He gives deliciouſly the healing doſe.
"Alas!" ſhe cries; "ah me! O cruel cure!
"Did ever woman yet like me endure?"
The work perform'd, upriſing gay and light,
Old Cornus is call'd in to ſee the ſight.
A ſprightly red vermilions all her face,
And her eyes languiſh with unuſual grace.

With tears of joy fresh gushing from his eyes,
"O wondrous power of art!" old Cornus cries;
"Amazing change! astonishing success!
"Thrice happy I! what a brave Doctor 's this!"
Maids, wives, and widows, with such whims opprest,
May thus find certain ease—*Probatum est.*

MRS. CLAVERING * SINGING.

When we behold her angel face,
Or when she sings with heav'nly grace,
In what we hear or what we see,
So ravishing 's the harmony,
The melting soul, in rapture lost,
Knows not which charm enchants it most.

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the Syren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true
At once find credit, and renew.
No charms like Clavering's voice surprise,
Except the magic of her eyes.

* Afterwards Lady Cowper.

A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

PROXIMUS et ſimilis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
Vim ſummam, ſumma cum pietate, geris;
Magnus es expanſis alis, ſed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cöeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa Aquilam tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED,

AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the Thunderer let Anna ſtand,
In piety ſupreme as in command;
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Auſtria's refuge and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain ſhall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle you the thunder join.

A MORNING HYMN.

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamiltòn! ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love and of the Day;
Awake, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes,
And ſhew the ſun a brighter ray:
Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn;
He but creates the day which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to falute the fkies,
Or fleeps, or elfe fufpends his note,
Difclaiming day till you arife.
Goddefs! awake, thy beams difplay,
Reftore the univerfe to light:
When Hamilton appears then dawns the day,
And when fhe difappears begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
(For lovers never, never fleep!)
Wait for the rifing of the fair,
To offer fongs and hymns of pray'r,
Like Perfians to the fun:
Ev'n life, and death, and fate, are there;
For in the rolls of ancient Deftiny,
Th' inevitable book, 't was noted down
The dying fhould revive, the living die,
As Hamilton fhall fmile, as Hamilton fhall frown.

CHORUS.

"Awake, bright Hamilton! arife,
"Goddefs of Love and of the Day;
"Awake, difclofe thy radiant eyes,
"And fhew the fun a brighter ray:
"Phœbus in vain calls forth the blufhing morn;
"He but creates the day which you adorn."

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

Of kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren ſpilt,
In vain, O Britain! you 'd avert the guilt,
If crimes which your forefathers bluſh'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.
Tremble, ye People! who your kings diſtreſs;
Tremble, ye Kings! for people you oppreſs:
Th' Eternal ſees, arm'd with his forky rods.
The riſe and fall of empire 's from the gods.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and maſter ſee;
Thou waſt my ſlave, thou art, or thou ſhalt be.

HER NAME.

Guess, and I'll frankly own her name,
Whoſe eyes have kindled ſuch a flame;
The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
Had ne'er been ſung had ſhe been ſeen:
Who ſet the very gods at war
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'ns 't is true!
The ſun in all his ample view

Sees nothing half ſo fair or bright,
Not ev'n his own reflected light.
So ſweet a face! ſuch graceful mien!
Who can this be?—'Tis Howard—or Ballenden.

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE.

Cupid, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he ſtood gazing on her face,
Enchanted with each matchleſs grace,
Loſt in the trance, he drops the dart,
Which never fails to reach the heart:
She ſeizes it, and arms her hand,
"'Tis thus I Love himſelf command:
"Now tremble, cruel Boy!" ſhe ſaid,
"For all the miſchief you have made."
The god, recov'ring his ſurpriſe,
Truſts to his wings, away he flies;
Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
And leaves his whole artillery behind.
Princeſs! reſtore the boy his uſeleſs darts,
With ſurer charms you captivate our hearts.
Love's captives oft' their liberty regain,
Death only can releaſe us from your chain.

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARMÉ.

Fable pour Madame la Princesse d'Auvergne.

Cupidon prenant plaſir de ſe trouver toûjours auprès d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: comme il admiroit un jour ſes graces inimitables, dans cette diſtraction de ſon ame et de ſes ſens, il laiſſa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne manque jamais de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramaſſe ſoudain, et s'armant la belle main.

"C'eſt ainſi," dit elle, "que je me rend maitreſſe de "l'amour, tremblez, Enfant malin, je veux vanger "tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le dieu etonné, revenant de ſa ſurprize, ſe fiant a ſes ailes, s'echappe, et s'envole vite comme une fleche qui fend l'air, et lui laiſſe la poſſeſſion de toute ſon artillerie.

Princeſſe, rendez lui ſes armes qui vous ſont inutiles: la Nature vous a donnée des charmes plus puiſſants: les captives de l'amour ſouvent recouvrent la liberté; il n'y a que la mort ſeule qui puiſſe affranchir les votres.

CHLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

Believe me, Chloe, thoſe perfumes that coſt
Such ſums to ſweeten thee is treaſure loſt:
Not all Arabia would ſufficient be;
Thou ſmell'ſt not of thy ſweets, they ſtink of thee.

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A boar who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, ſoft'ning his ſavage eyes,
Thus, ſuppliant, pleads his cauſe before he dies.
"For what am I condemn'd? My crime 's no more
"To eat a man than yours to eat a Boar.
"We ſeek not you, but take what chance provides,
"Nature and mere neceſſity our guides.
"You murder us in ſport, then diſh us up
"For drunken feaſts, a reliſh for the cup.
"We lengthen not our meals; but you muſt feaſt,
"Gorge till your bellies burſt--Pray, who 's the beaſt?
"With your humanity you keep a fuſs,
"But are in truth worſe brutes than all of us.
"We prey not on our kind, but you, dear Brother!
"Moſt beaſtly of all beaſts, devour each other. [ſtrives,
"Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour
"Fathers and ſons, friends, brothers, huſbands, wives,
"By fraud or force, by poiſon, ſword, or gun,
"Deſtroy each other, ev'ry mother's ſon."

BACCHUS DISARMED.

To Mrs. Laura Dillon, now Lady Falkland.

Bacchus! to arms, the enemy 's at hand,
Laura appears; ſtand to your glaſſes, ſtand;
The god of Love the god of Wine defies,
Behold him in full march in Laura's eyes:
Bacchus! to arms; and, to reſiſt the dart,
Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
Fly, Bacchus! fly, there 's treaſon in the cup,
For Love comes pouring in with ev'ry drop;
I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain;
Fly, Bacchus! fly, reſiſtence is in vain,
Or craving quarter: crown a friendly bowl
To Laura's health, and give up all thy ſoul.

URGANDA'S PROPHESY.

Spoken by way of Epilogue at the firſt repreſentation of the British Enchanters.

Prophetic fury rolls within my breaſt,
And as at Delphos when the foaming prieſt,
Full of his god, proclaims the diſtant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come,
My lab'ring mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold
On Britiſh ground a future Age of Gold;
But leſt incredulous you hear—behold:

Here a ſcene repreſenting the Queen, and the ſeveral triumphs of her Majeſty's reign.

High on a throne appears the martial Queen,
With grace ſublime, and with imperial mien,
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall chaſtiſe.
Next to her ſide victorious Marlb'ro' ſtands
Waiting, obſervant of her dread commands:
The Queen ordains, and, like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decree.
In ev'ry line of her auſpicious face
Soft Mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with ev'ry grace:
So angels look, and ſo, when Heav'n decrees,
They ſcourge the world to piety and peace.
Empreſs and Conqu'ror, hail! thee Fates ordain
O'er all the willing world ſole arbitreſs to reign:
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but guardian of mankind;
Sure hope of all who dire oppreſſion bear,
For all th' oppreſs'd become thy inſtant care.
Nations of conqueſt proud thou tam'ſt to free,
Denouncing war, preſenting liberty:
The victor to the vanquiſh'd yields a prize,
For in thy triumph their redemption lies:
Freedom and peace for raviſh'd fame you give,
Invade to bleſs, and conquer to relieve:

So the ſun ſcorches and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.
Taught by this great example to be juſt,
Succeeding kings ſhall well fulfil their truſt;
Diſcord, and war, and tyranny, ſhall ceaſe,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and ſtates, like ſubjects, ſhall agree
To truſt her pow'r, ſafe in her piety.

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inſcribed to the Lord Falkland.

I.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a gen'rous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts in war and peace:
My kinſman, and my friend! from whence this curſe
Entail'd on man, ſtill to grow worſe and worſe?

II.

Each age, induſtrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're ſo improv'd in all that's bad,
We ſhall leave nothing for our ſons to add.

III.

That idol, gold, poſſeſſes ev'ry heart;
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art:
Virtue is folly; conſcience is a jeſt;
Religion gain, or prieſtcraft at the beſt.

IV.

Friendſhip 's a cloak to hide ſome treach'rous end;
Your greateſt foe is your profeſſing friend;
The ſoul reſign'd, unguarded, and ſecure,
The wound is deepeſt, and the ſtroke moſt ſure.

V.

Juſtice is bought and ſold; the bench, the bar,
Plead and decide, but gold 's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
Who found thee firſt; all evils ſpring from thee.

VI.

Sires ſell their ſons, and ſons their ſires betray;
And ſenates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is reſtrain'd by ſhame,
But has the huſband's leave to play the game.

VII.

Diſeas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
Succeeds, of ſpurious mould, a puny race:
From ſuch defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty! is now thy prop?

VIII.

Not ſuch the men who bent the ſtubborn bow,
And learnt in rugged ſports to dare a foe:
Not ſuch the men who fill'd with heaps of ſlain
Fam'd Agincourt and Creſſy's bloody plain.

IX.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her iſle;

True to herſelf, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the Britiſh ſteel.

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert ſeen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee thro' the heats of Spain,
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

XI.

The reſcu'd empire, and the Gaul ſubdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when juſtly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim ſpeak, and witneſs Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

When Fortune ſeems to ſmile, 't is then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden miſchief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I ſtand upon my guard,
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my ſoul prepar'd.
Fickle and falſe to others ſhe may be,
I can complain but of her conſtancy.

----------Virtutem a me,
Fortunam ex aliis.-------

CHLOE.

CHLOE 's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciouſly inclin'd,
With lib'ral hand to pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd,
A boundleſs bent to eaſe us.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning fair,
Such Chloe is—and common as the air.

ON THE SAME.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
Chloe complains, and wondrouſly 's aggriev'd.
That free, and laviſh of a beauteous face,
The faireſt and the fouleſt of her race;
She 's mine, or thine; and ſtrolling up and down
Sucks in more filth than any ſink in Town,
I not deny; this I have ſaid, 't is true:
What wrong! to give ſo bright a nymph her due.

ON THE SAME.

IMPATIENT with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide:
'Twas I was modeſt, not ſhe chaſte;
Chloe, ſo gently preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear:
Say, Love! how came your ſlave ſo dull
To read no better there?

Thus, to ourſelves the greateſt foes,
Altho' the nymph be well inclin'd,
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly ſhe's unkind.

CORINNA.

CORINNA in the bloom of youth
Was coy to ev'ry lover;
Regardleſs of the tend'reſt truth,
No ſoft complaint could move her.

Mankind was her's: all at her feet
Lay proſtrate and adoring;
The witty, handſome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now, grown old, ſhe would repair
Her loſs of time and pleaſure,
With willing eyes and wanton air
Inviting ev'ry gazer.

But love 's a ſummer-flow'r, that dies
With the firſt weather's changing;
The lover like the ſwallow flies,
From ſun to ſun ſtill ranging.

Mira! let this example move
Your fooliſh heart to reaſon:
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's ſeaſon.

ON THE SAME.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows ſhe 'll never more be coy;
She drinks eternal draughts of pleaſure;
Eternal draughts do not ſuffice;
"O! give me, give me more," ſhe cries,
"'Tis all too little, little meaſure."

Thus wiſely ſhe makes up for time
Miſpent while youth was in its prime:
So travellers who waſte the day,
Careful and cautious of their way,

Noting at length the ſetting ſun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their ſpeed to reach their inn,
And whip and ſpur thro' thick and thin.

BELINDA.

Belinda's pride's an arrant cheat,
A fooliſh artifice to blind;
Some honeſt glance, that ſcorns deceit,
Does ſtill reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd diſdain,
She idly acts the ſaint;
We ſee thro' this diſguiſe as plain
As we diſtinguiſh paint.

So have I ſeen grave fools deſign
With formal looks to paſs for wiſe;
But Nature is a light will ſhine,
And break thro' all diſguiſe.

CLEORA.

Cleora has her wiſh; ſhe weds a peer;
Her weighty train two pages ſcarce can bear;
Perſia and both the Indies muſt provide
To grace her pomp and gratify her pride:

Of rich brocade a ſhining robe ſhe wears,
And gems ſurround her lovely neck like ſtars.
Drawn by ſix grays of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaus behind,
She charms the Park, and ſets all hearts on fire,
The ladies' envy and the men's deſire.
Beholding thus, "O happy as a queen!"
We cry. But ſhift the gaudy flatt'ring ſcene;
View her at home in her domeſtic light,
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at night,
What has ſhe there? a ſurly ill-bred lord,
Who chides, and ſnaps her up at ev'ry word;
A brutal ſot, who, while ſhe holds his head,
With drunken filth bedaubs the nuptial bed:
Sick to the heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous fume
Of odious ſteams that poiſon all the room:
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when ſhe may riſe;
But moſt ſhe fears leſt, waking, ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the monſter would be kind.
Thoſe matchleſs beauties, worthy of a god,
Muſt bear, tho' much averſe, the loathſome load.
What then may be the chance that next enſues?
Some vile diſeaſe freſh reeking from the ſtews:
The ſecret venom, circling in her veins,
Works thro' her ſkin, and burſts in bloating ſtains:
Her cheeks their freſhneſs loſe and wonted grace,
And an unuſual paleneſs ſpreads her face;

Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath,
Tainting her gums, infects her ivory teeth:
Of ſharp nocturnal anguiſh ſhe complains,
And, guiltleſs of the cauſe, relates her pains.
The conſcious huſband, whom like ſymptoms ſeize,
Charges on her the guilt of their diſeaſe,
Affecting fury, acts a madman's part;
He'll rip the fatal ſecret from her heart!
Bids her confeſs, calls her ten thouſand names;
In vain ſhe kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, exclaims:
Scarce with her life ſhe 'ſcapes, expos'd to ſhame,
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,
Rots with a vile adultereſs's name;
Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.
Such is the vengeance the juſt gods provide
For thoſe who barter liberty for pride;
Who impiouſly invoke the pow'rs above
To witneſs to falſe vows of mutual love.
Thouſands of poor Cleoras may be found;
Such huſbands and ſuch wretched wives abound.
Ye guardian Pow'rs! the arbiters of bliſs,
Preſerve Clarinda from a fate like this:
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a ſpark too much of pride:
Reform that failing, and protect her ſtill;
O ſave her from the curſe of chuſing ill!

Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves theſe wiſhes, or provokes this pray'r.
Tho' worſe than death I dread to ſee thoſe charms
Allotted to ſome happier mortal's arms,
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain:
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wiſh but for her ſake alone.
Whome'er the gods have deſtin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched bleſſing her.

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

I.

While Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in alliance,
With forces united, bid reſiſtleſs defiance;
By the touch of her lips the wine ſparkles higher,
And her eyes by her drinking redouble their fire.

II.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As flowers by ſprinkling revive with freſh odour;
Each dart dipp'd in wine gives a wound beyond curing,
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more enduring.

III.

Then, Phyllis! begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiſs and a glaſs be ſtill going round;
Relieving each other our pleaſures are laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-taſting.

ON AN ILL-FAVOURED LORD.

THAT Macro's looks are good let no man doubt,
Which I, his friend and ſervant—thus make out:
In ev'ry line of his perfidious face
The ſecret malice of his heart we trace;
So fair the warning, and ſo plainly writ,
Let none condemn the light that ſhows a pit.
Cocles, whoſe face finds credit for his heart,
Who can eſcape ſo ſmooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace that can perſuade,
Seeing we truſt, tho' ſure to be betray'd:
His looks are ſnares, but Macro's cry Beware;
Believe not tho' ten thouſand oaths he ſwear.
If thou 'rt deceiv'd, obſerving well this rule,
Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point he and his looks agree,
As they betray their maſter—ſo did he.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd: we play
A round or two; when us'd we throw away;
Take a freſh pack: nor is it worth our grieving
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving.

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thraldom ceaſe;
If not in joy, I 'll live at leaſt in peace.
Since for the pleaſures of an hour
We muſt endure an age of pain,
I 'll be this abject thing no more:
Love! give me back my heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my breaſt,
Now Falſehood, a more cruel gueſt.
O! for the peace of human-kind,
Make women longer true or ſooner kind.
With juſtice or with mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my heart again.

SENT TO CLARINDA,

WITH A NOVEL, ENTITLED,

LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her.
Who 'd truly know love's pow'r or ſmart,
Muſt view her eyes and read my heart.

EPISTLES.

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

On his happy accomplishment of the marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess Mary d'Esté of Modena. Written several years after, in imitation of the style of Mr. Waller.

His Juno barren, in unfruitful joys
Our British Jove his nuptial hours employs:
So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our prospect, gallant York! in thee.
By the same wish aspiring queens are led,
Each languishing, to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wisdom, and his early fame,
Create in ev'ry breast a rival flame:
Remotest kings sit trembling on their thrones,
As if no distance could secure their crowns;
Fearing his valour, wisely they contend
To bribe with beauty so renown'd a friend:
Beauty the price, there need no other arts;
Love is the surest bait for heroes' hearts;
Nor can the fair conceal as high concern
To see the prince for whom, unseen, they burn.
Brave York! attending to the gen'ral voice,
At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice:

To noble Mordaunt, generous and juſt,
Of his great heart he gives the ſacred truſt.
" Thy choice," ſaid he, " ſhall well direct that heart
" Where thou, my beſt belov'd, haſt ſuch a part:
" In council oft', and oft' in battle try'd,
" Betwixt thy maſter and the world decide."
The choſen Mercury prepares t' obey
This high command. Gently, ye Winds! convey,
And with auſpicious gales his ſafety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jaſon, with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Colchos ſail'd, to ſeek the Golden Fleece.
As when the goddeſſes came down of old
On Ida's hill, ſo many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,
And each bade high to win him to her ſide;
So tempt they him, and emulouſly vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy:
With balls and banquets his pleas'd ſenſe they bait,
And queens and kings upon his pleaſures wait.
Th' impartial judge ſurveys, with vaſt delight,
All that the ſun ſurrounds of fair and bright;
Then, ſtrictly juſt, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Eſté gives the royal prize.
Of antique ſtock her high deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings.
Who could deſerve like her, in whom we ſee
United all that Paris found in three?

O equal pair! when both were ſet above
All other merit but each other's love.
Welcome, bright Princeſs! to Great Britain's ſhore,
As Berecynthia to high heav'n, who bore
That ſhining race of goddeſſes and gods
That fill'd the ſkies, and rul'd the bleſs'd abodes:
From thee my Muſe expects as noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James:
Our future hopes all from thy womb ariſe,
Our preſent joy and ſafety from your eyes;
Thoſe charming eyes! which ſhine to reconcile
To harmony and peace our ſtubborn Iſle.
On brazen Memnon Phœbus caſts a ray,
And the tough metal ſo ſalutes the day.
The Britiſh dame, fam'd for reſiſtleſs grace,
Contends not now but for the ſecond place;
Our love ſuſpended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So ſang the Syrens, with enchanting ſound,
Enticing all to liſten and be drown'd,
Till Orpheus raviſh'd in a nobler ſtrain;
They ceas'd to ſing, or ſinging charm'd in vain.
This bleſs'd alliance, Peterborough! may
Th' indebted nation bounteouſly repay;
Thy ſtatues, for the Genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on ev'ry threſhold ſtand.

———Utinam modo dicere poſſem
Carmina digna Dea: certe eſt Dea carmine digna.

TO THE KING,

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, auſpicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadſt thou time t' unſheath thy conqu'ring blade;
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled.
Thy ſword, the ſafeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations ſend
Throughout the world to court ſo firm a friend;
The guilty ſenates that refus'd thy ſway
Repent their crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confeſs their frenzy, and confirm their king:
Who with their venom overſpread thy ſoil,
Thoſe ſcorpions of the ſtate, preſent their oil.
So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dreſs'd,
Altho' by daily miracles confeſs'd,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful Prince refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch terror in the ſkies,
The temple rent, their King in glory riſe,
Seiz'd with amaze they own'd their lawful Lord,
And, ſtruck with guilt, bow'd, trembled, and ador'd.

TO THE KING.

Tho' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou chuſeſt not to conquer men, but hearts;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou preferr'ſt the name of Juſt to Great.
So Jove ſuſpends his ſubject-world to doom,
Which would he pleaſe to thunder he'd conſume.
O! could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead
Return on earth, and quit th' Elyſian ſhade,
Brutus to James would truſt the people's cauſe;
Thy juſtice is a ſtronger guard than laws:
Marius and Sylla would reſign to thee,
Nor Cæſar and great Pompey rivals be,
Or rivals only who ſhould beſt obey,
And Cato give his voice for regal ſway.

TO THE KING.

Heroes of old, by rapine and by ſpoil,
In ſearch of fame did all the world embroil.
Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
This ſprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.
With equal valour, and the ſame ſucceſs,
Dread King! might'ſt thou the univerſe oppreſs;
But Chriſtian laws conſtrain thy martial pride;
Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide:
By thy example kings are taught to ſway,
Heroes to fight, and ſaints may learn to pray.

From gods deſcended, and of race divine,
Neſtor in council and Ulyſſes ſhine;
But in a day of battle all would yield
To the fierce maſter of the ſeven-fold ſhield.
Their very deities were grac'd no more;
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore;
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's king is all the gods in one.

TO MR. WALLER.

In anſwer to Mr. Waller's verſes to the Author.

When into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and conſult for fame;
When from the ſacred tripod where he ſtood
The prieſt, inſpir'd, ſaluted him a god;
Scarce ſuch a joy that haughty victor knew,
Thus own'd by Heav'n, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers ſhow
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the pow'rs of old,
When in thy verſe of greater gods they're told;
Our beauteous queen and royal James's name
For Jove and Juno ſhall be plac'd by Fame;
Thy Charles for Neptune ſhall the ſeas command,
And Sachariſſa ſhall for Venus ſtand;
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come.

TO MIRA.

I.

WARN'D and made wiſe by others' flame,
I fled from whence ſuch miſchiefs came;
Shunning the ſex that kills at ſight,
I ſought my ſafety in my flight.

II.

But, ah! in vain from Fate we fly;
For, firſt or laſt, as all muſt die,
So 't is as much decreed above
That, firſt or laſt, we all muſt love.

III.

My heart, which ſtood ſo long the ſhock
Of winds and waves, like ſome firm rock,
By one bright ſpark from Mira thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

TO MIRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

I.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like ſudden death it came:
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

II.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe, ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt gems and gold.

III.

To what my eyes admir'd before
I add a thouſand graces more,
And Fancy blows into a flame
The ſpark that from her beauty came.

IV.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught:
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art,
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

TO MIRA.

I.

When wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart!
O Death! how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue denies;
Death, Death itſelf, like Mira, flies.

II.

Love and Deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt:
No hope could be; her ſcorn was all
That to my deſtin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants that kindly heat require
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire.

IV.

That without hope 't would die as ſoon,
A little hope—but I have none.
On air the poor chamelions thrive;
Deny'd ev'n that, my love can live.

V.

As toughest trees in ſtorms are bred,
And grow in ſpite of winds, and ſpread,
The more the tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

VI.

Deſpair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death, to others' love;
That poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs ſmart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endleſs pain, and never die.

TO MIRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident, and kind,
In all things that excel ſome uſe deſign'd.
The radiant ſun, of ev'ry heav'nly light
The firſt, (did Mira not diſpute that right)

Sends from above ten thouſand bleſſings down,
Nor is he ſet ſo high for ſhow alone;
His beams reviving with auſpicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire.
The moon and ſtars, thoſe faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the ſight.
Plants, fruits, and flow'rs, the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholeſome uſe;
Health they reſtore, and nouriſhment they give;
We ſee with pleaſure, but we taſte to live.
Then think not, Mira! that thy form was meant
More to create deſire than to content.
Would the juſt gods ſo many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have form'd thee ſo above thy ſex
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleaſure to delight in harm,
And beauty ſhould be kind as well as charm.

TO MIRA.

Since truth and conſtancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor ſenſe of pain,
Nor force of reaſon, can perſuade,
Then let example be obey'd.
In courts and cities could you ſee
How well the wanton fools agree,

Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.
  Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus and the wife of Jove,
Expofing ev'ry beauty bare,
Defcended to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was fhe whom poets name
Goddefs of Chaftity and Fame.
  Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the fuitors fit,
With wine provoking mirth and wit;
Then down they take the ftubborn bow;
Their ftrength, it feems, fhe needs muft know:
Thus twenty cheerful winters paft;
She's yet immortaliz'd for chafte.
  Smile, Mira! then; reward my flame,
And be as much fecure of fame:
By all thofe matchlefs beauties fir'd,
By my own matchlefs love infpir'd,
So will I fing, fuch wonders write,
That, when th' aftonifh'd world fhall cite
A nymph of fpotlefs worth and fame,
Mira fhall be th' immortal name.

TO MIRA.

I.

So calm and ſo ſerene but now,
What means this change on Mira's brow?
Her aguiſh love now glows and burns,
Then chills and ſhakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and ſmiles,
When on her pity I depend,
My airy hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs to ſee my torments never end.

III.

So up the ſteepy hill with pain
The weighty ſtone is roll'd in vain,
Which, having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

TO MIRA.

I.

THOUGHTFUL nights and reſtleſs waking,
Oh the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has Love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

III.

Still complaining and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, paſſion rending,
Oh the pangs of jealouſy!

IV.

From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah! how ſweet! could love be free;
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce immortal ecſtaſy.

TO MIRA.

I.

PREPAR'D to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my tim'rous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

II.

With the leaſt glance a little kind,
Such wondrous pow'r have Mira's charms,
She calms my doubts, enſlaves my mind,
And all my rage diſarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her ſlave repine.

TO MIRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her ſmiles reviv'd her ſcorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not; ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies;
Approving and rejecting in a breath,
Now proff'ring mercy, now preſenting death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel eſtate of doubt! ah, Mira! try
Once to reſolve—Or let me live or die.

TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH, &c.

What charm is this, that in the midſt of ſnow,
Of ſtorms and blaſts, the choiceſt fruits do grow?
Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun yet ripen here:
On frozen ground the ſweeteſt flow'rs ariſe,
Unſeen by any light but Flavia's eyes:
Where'er ſhe treads, beneath the charmer's feet
The roſe, the jaſmine, and the lilies, meet:
Where'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth!
In midſt of mountains and unfruitful ground
As rich an Eden as the firſt is found.

In this new paradiſe the goddeſs reigns
In ſovereign ſtate, and mocks the lover's pains:
Beneath thoſe beams that ſcorch us from her eyes
Her ſnowy boſom ſtill unmelted lies:
Love from her lips ſpreads all his odours round,
But bears on ice, and ſprings from frozen ground.
 So cold the clime that can ſuch wonders bear,
The garden ſeems an emblem of the fair.

TO FLAVIA,

Her gardens having eſcaped a flood that had laid all the country round under water.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect
The torrent ſpares, and deluges reſpect;
So when the waters o'er the world were ſpread,
Covering each oak, and ev'ry mountain's head,
The choſen Patriarch ſail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the ſacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no leſs, we find,
The favourite of Heav'n than of mankind:
The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the fair.
Theſe favours, thus beſtow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage which they ſend her down.
 O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with bleſſings endleſs as my love!

TO DAPHNE.

A ROMAN and a Greek our praiſe divide,
Nor can we yet who beſt deſerv'd decide.
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes, declare:
Debates ariſe which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he 's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
Cybele the lions, Pallas has the ſpear:
Poets ſuch emblems to their gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws conſtrain,
Now for ſome ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty by vaſt deſtructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known;
But Granville, more auſpicious to mankind,
Conqu'ring the heart, as much inſtructs the mind;
Bleſs'd in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing we love, and hearing we grow wiſe:
So Rome, for wiſdom as for conqueſt fam'd,
Improv'd with arts whom ſhe by arms had tam'd.

Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her inquiring ſight;
Athens and Rome for arts reſtor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new muſic from her voice.
Learning and Love in the ſame ſeat we find,
So bright her eyes, and ſo adorn'd her mind.
 Long had Minerva govern'd in the ſkies,
But now deſcends confeſs'd to human eyes:
Behold in Granville that inſpiring queen
Whom learned Athens ſo ador'd unſeen.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF NEWBOURGH,

Inſiſting earneſtly to be told who I meant by Mira.

WITH Mira's charms, and my extreme deſpair,
Long had my Muſe amaz'd the reader's ear,
My friends with pity heard the mournful ſound,
And all inquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
Th' aſtoniſh'd world beheld an endleſs flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So ſcatter'd fire from ſcorch'd Veſuvius flies,
Unknown the ſource from whence thoſe flames ariſe,
Egyptian Nile ſo ſpreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.
 Mira herſelf, touch'd with the moving ſong,
Would needs be told to whom thoſe plaints belong;

My tim'rous tongue, not daring to confeſs,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her gueſs:
Impatient of excuſe ſhe urges ſtill,
Perſiſts in her demand; ſhe muſt, ſhe will:
If ſilent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal or to unfold,
She ſmiles—the goddeſs ſmiles!—and I grow bold.
My vows to Mira all were meant to thee,
The praiſe, the love, the matchleſs conſtancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets each with ſev'ral names;
For Venus Cytherea was invok'd,
Altars for Pallas to Tritonia ſmok'd:
Such names were theirs; and thou, the moſt divine,
Moſt lov'd, of heav'nly beauties—Mira's thine.

TO MRS. HIGGONS,

Occaſioned by ſome verſes written by that lady, and ſent the Author in his retirement, 1690.

CEASE, tempting Syren! ceaſe thy flatt'ring ſtrain;
Sweet is thy charming ſong, but ſung in vain.
When the winds blow, and loud the tempeſts roar,
What fool would truſt the waves and quit the ſhore?
Early and vain into the world I came,
Big with falſe hopes, and eager after fame,
Till looking round me ere the race began,
Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran.

Reclaim'd betimes I from the lifts retire,
And thank the gods who my retreat infpire.
In happier times our anceftors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread.
Give me, ye Gods! but the fame road to fame;
Whate'er my fathers dar'd I dare the fame.
Chang'd is the fcene; fome baneful planet rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Confider and examine all who rife;
Weigh well their actions and their treach'rous ends,
How greatnefs grows, and by what fteps afcends;
What murders, treafons, perjuries, deceit;
How many crufh'd to make one monfter great!
Would you command, have Fortune in your pow'r?
Hug when you ftab, and fmile when you devour;
Be bloody, falfe, flatter, forfwear, and lie;
Turn pander, pathic, parafite, or fpy;
Such thriving arts may your wifh'd purpofe bring,
A minifter at leaft, perhaps a king.
Fortune we moft unjuftly partial call,
A miftrefs free, who bids alike to all;
But on fuch terms as only fuit the bafe;
Honour denies, and fhuns the foul embrace.
The honeft man, who ftarves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his virtue, keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring caufe,
He might have liv'd to give new Senates laws;

But on vile terms disdaining to be great,
He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
Honours and life th' usurper bids, and all
That vain mistaken men Good-fortune call;
Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
An honest death, which he accepts, and dies.
O glorious resolution! noble pride!
More honour'd than the tyrant liv'd he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd, in his doom
Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,
And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.
On bones and scraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed:
This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honesty!
Judge me, ye Pow'rs! let Fortune tempt or frown,
I stand prepar'd; my honour is my own.
Ye great Disturbers! who, in endless noise,
In blood and rapine, seek unnat'ral joys;
For what is all this bustle but to shun
Those thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in misery, oppress'd with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.
Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardless if the cause be bad or good,

Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of ſtrutting pigmies, who would paſs for gods;
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' ſchool,
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
Who honour gen'rous Wycherley oppreſt,
Poſſeſs'd of little, worthy of the beſt;
Rich in himſelf, in virtue that outſhines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthieſt lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd land, and rolls in impious gain;
What can I hope in courts, or how ſucceed?
Tigers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving Honeſty in courts we find.
  Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content;
In thought or act accountable to none
But to himſelf and to the gods alone.
O ſweetneſs of Content! ſeraphic joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.
  Where dwells this peace, this freedom, of the mind?
Where but in ſhades remote from human-kind,
In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace-gate.

Farewell then, Cities; Courts and Camps, farewell;
Welcome ye Groves! here let me ever dwell;
From cares, from bus'neſs and mankind, remove,
All but the Muſes and inſpiring Love.
How ſweet the morn, how gentle is the night!
How calm the ev'ning, and the day how bright!
  From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in ſhow!
Where ſev'ral wand'rers travel day and night
By diff'rent paths, and none are in the right.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

On his ſeveral excellent Tranſlations of the Ancient Poets.

As flow'rs tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die;
Miſſing their native ſun at beſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain;
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image and a ſenſeleſs draught:
While we transfuſe the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire,

In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius and the flame:
Whence we conclude, from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Celeſtial Poet! ſoul of Harmony!
That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heav'n their flight:
Deck'd in thy verſe, as clad with rays, they ſhine,
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on ev'ry ſhore
For foreign wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more,
To her own wool the ſilks of Aſia joins,
And to her plenteous harveſts Indian mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own Works, tho' an immortal name,
To lands remote ſends forth his learned Muſe,
The nobleſt ſeeds of foreign wit to chuſe.
Feaſting our ſenſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is 't thy bounty, or thy thirſt of praiſe?
That, by comparing others, all might ſee
Who moſt excell'd are yet excell'd by thee.

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

Upon the bombardment of the town of Granville in Normandy by the English fleet.

Tho' built by gods, conſum'd by hoſtile flame
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And ſo ſhall thine, tho' with theſe walls were loſt
All the records our anceſtors could boaſt.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus ſlain,
Æneas lives, tho' not one ſtone remain
Where he aroſe. Nor art thou leſs renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.
Thoſe arms * which, for nine centuries, had brav'd
The wrath of Time, on antique ſtone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, ſtand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd:
Safe on thy Eagle's † wings, they ſoar above
The rage of war or thunder to remove,
Borne by the bird of Cæſar and of Jove.

* The Granville arms, ſtill remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

† He was created a Count of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever upon the breaſt of the Imperial Spread Eagle.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

Machaon ſick! in ev'ry face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,
Whoſe art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge or the general fire.
More lives he ſaves than periſh in our wars,
And faſter than a plague deſtroys repairs:
The bold carouſer and advent'rous dame
Nor fear the fever nor refuſe the flame:
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraint ſet free
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, or piety.
Sire of all arts *! defend thy darling ſon;
O! ſave the man whoſe life 's ſo much our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world 's reclin'd,
And by reſtoring Garth preſerve mankind.

* Apollo, god of Poetry and Phyſic.

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

Two warrior chiefs * the voice of Fame divide,
Who beſt deſerv'd not Plutarch could decide:
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes, declare;
Debates ariſe which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he 's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
Venus the dove, Pallas the ſhield and ſpear:
Poets ſuch emblems to their gods aſſign;
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

* Alexander and Cæſar.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA! how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with diſdain,
Still to my tender love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DEL. When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardour ſue,
Thyrſis! you know but one muſt move us.
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleaſure,
Impartial to your high deſert;
To both alike eſteem I meaſure;
To one alone can give my heart.

THYR. Myſterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant! why am I,
With equal merit, equal paſſion,
Thus the victim choſen to die?
Why am I
The victim choſen to die?

DEL. On Fate alone depends ſucceſs,
And fancy reaſon over-rules,
Or why ſhould virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often giv'n to fools?

'Tis not the valiant nor the witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe:
Love does predeſtinate our pity;
We chuſe but whom he firſt decrees.

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I:
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my tim'rous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thouſand thouſand fears
Still overawe when ſhe appears;
My breath is ſpent in ſighs, my eyes are drown'd in tears.

SONG. TO MIRA.

"FOOLISH Love! begone," ſaid I,
"Vain are thy attempts on me;
"Thy ſoft allurements I defy:
"Women, thoſe fair diſſemblers, fly;
"My heart was never made for thee."

Love heard, and ſtraight prepar'd a dart:
"Mira, revenge my cauſe," ſaid he.
Too ſure 'twas ſhot; I feel the ſmart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart.
O Love! my conqu'ror, pity me.

SONG. TO MIRA.

FORSAKEN of my kindly ſtars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waſte my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ingrateful Love.

The happy ſtill untimely end:
Death flies from grief; or why ſhould I
So many hours in ſorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Powers! take pity of my pain;
This, only this, is my deſire;
Ah! take from Mira her diſdain,
Or let me with this ſigh expire.

SONG. TO MIRA.

WHY ſhould a heart ſo tender break?
O Mira! give its anguiſh eaſe:
The uſe of beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex but pleaſe.

Thoſe lips for ſmiling were deſign'd,
That boſom to be preſt;
Your eyes to languiſh and look kind,
For am'rous arms your waiſt.

Each thing has its appointed right
Eſtabliſh'd by the pow'rs above;
The ſun to give us warmth and light,
Mira to kindle love.

SONG. TO MIRA.

I.

WHY, cruel Creature! why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great,
For pay let armies move,
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

III.

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that 's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand worlds too few.

IV.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah, Mira! if true love 's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

SONG.

I.

The happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing.
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
The happieſt mortals once were we.

II.

But ſince cruel Fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains the greateſt pain
Is to love, and love in vain.

SONG.

Love is by Fancy led about,
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in ev'ry feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature.
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of grief or of content,
That the lover 's bleſs'd or dies.
Viſions of mighty pain or pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treaſure,
All in pow'rful Fancy lies.

SONG. TO CLARINDA.

In vain a thouſand ſlaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd
Honour chides, and ſtraight ſhe 's aw'd.

Foolish creature! follow Nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth 's a treasure,
Love's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by Time. 11

SONG. TO THE SAME.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,
In scornful postures sets her face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give us love, and take from none. 4

Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda! I would die for thee,
If you 're too proud to ease my pain,
I am too proud for your disdain. 8

DRINKING SONG. TO SLEEP.

GREAT god of Sleep, since it must be
That we must give some hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free bowl
Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul;
That be my only time to snore 5
When I can laugh and drink no more.
Short, very short, be then thy reign,
For I 'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But, O! if melting in my arms
In ſome ſoft dream, with all her charms,
The nymph belov'd ſhould then ſurpriſe,
And grant what waking ſhe denies;
Then, gentle Slumber! pr'y thee ſtay,
Slowly, ah! ſlowly bring the day;
Let no rude noiſe my bliſs deſtroy,
Such ſweet deluſion 's real joy.

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS:

OR, ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

As quiet monarchs, that on peaceful thrones,
In ſports and revels, long had reign'd like drones,
Rouſing at length, reflect, with guilt and ſhame,
That not one ſtroke had yet been giv'n for fame;
Wars they denounce, and, to redeem the paſt,
To bold attempts and rugged labours haſte:
Our poet ſo, with like concern, reviews
The youthful follies of a love-ſick Muſe:
To am'rous toils, and to the ſilent grove,
To Beauty's ſnares, and to deceitful Love,
He bids farewell; his ſhield and lance prepares,
And mounts the ſtage to bid immortal wars.
Vice, like ſome monſter, ſuff'ring none t' eſcape,
Has ſeiz'd the Town, and varies ſtill her ſhape.
Here, like ſome general, ſhe ſtruts in ſtate,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait:
There, like ſome penſive ſtateſman, treads demure,
And ſmiles, and hugs, to make deſtruction ſure:
Now under high commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;

Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom but to ſee the face.
In pulpits and at bar ſhe wears a gown,
In camps a ſword, in palaces a crown.
Reſolv'd to combat with this motley beaſt,
Our poet comes to ſtrike one ſtroke at leaſt.
His glaſs he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he means to ſhow;
On choſen heads nor lets the thunder fall,
But ſcatters his artillery—at all.
Yet to the fair he fain would quarter ſhow;
His tender heart recoils at ev'ry blow:
If unawares he gives too ſmart a ſtroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

PROLOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by obſervation find it true
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves than you:
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd ſcene, to poliſh ev'ry line,
Judgment muſt ſweat, and feel a mother's pains.
Vain Fools! thus to diſturb and rack their brains,
When, more indulgent to the writer's eaſe,
You are too good to be ſo hard to pleaſe:
No ſuch convulſive pangs it will require
To write the pretty things which you admire.

Our author then, to pleaſe you in your way,
Preſents you now a bauble of a play;
In gingling rhyme, well fortify'd and ſtrong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in ſong.
If here and there ſome evil-fated line
Should chance, thro' inadvertency, to ſhine,
Forgive him, Beaus! he means you no offence,
But begs you, for the love of ſong and dance,
To pardon all the poetry and ſenſe.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Bevil Higgons' excellent Tragedy, called

THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

YOUR comic writer is a common foe;
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau;
Nor wanton wife nor widow can be ſped,
Not even Ruſſel * can inter the dead,
But ſtraight this cenſor, in his whim of wit,
Strips and preſents you naked to the pit.
Thus critics ſhould, like theſe, be branded foes,
Who for the poiſon only ſuck the roſe;
Snarling and carping, without wit or ſenſe,
Impeach miſtakes, o'erlooking excellence,

* A famous undertaker for funerals, alluding to a comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, entitled The Funeral.

As if to ev'ry ſop it might belong,
Like ſenators, to cenſure right or wrong.
But gen'rous minds have more heroic views,
And love and honour are the themes they chuſe.
From yon' bright heav'n* our author fetch'd his fire,
And paints the paſſions that your eyes inſpire;
Full of that flame, his tender ſcenes he warms,
And frames his goddeſs by your matchleſs charms.

* To the ladies.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

I WHO have been the poet's ſpark to-day,
Will now become the champion of his play.
Know all, who would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally diſlike a damning face.
Pleas'd or diſpleas'd, no matter, now 't is paſt,
The firſt who dares be angry breathes his laſt:
Who ſhall preſume to doubt my will and pleaſure,
Him I defy to ſend his weapon's meaſure.
If war you chuſe, and blood muſt needs be ſpilt here,
By Jove! let me alone to match your tilter;
I'll give you ſatisfaction if I can:
'Sdeath! 't is not the firſt time I 've kill'd my man.
On pain of being poſted to your ſorrow,
Fail not, at four, to meet me here to-morrow.

EPILOGUE

TO THE JEW OF VENICE.

Each in his turn, the poet * and the prieſt †,
Have view'd the ſtage, but like falſe prophets gueſt.
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would ſilence poets, and reduce the ſtage.
The poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On kings the ſcandal, and beſpatters courts.
Both err; for, without mincing, to be plain,
The guilt's your own of ev'ry odious ſcene.
The preſent time ſtill gives the ſtage its mode;
The vices that you practiſe we explode:
We hold the glaſs, and but reflect your ſhame,
Like Spartans, by expoſing to reclaim.
The ſcribbler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius muſt conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to ſubmit.
Would you encourage ſenſe, ſenſe would be writ.
  Good plays we try, which, after the firſt day,
Unſeen we act, and to bare benches play.
Plain ſenſe, which pleas'd your ſires an age ago,
Is loſt without the garniture of ſhow.
At vaſt expenſe we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing.

* Mr. Dryden's Prologue to The Pilgrim.
† Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.

A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
How was the ſcene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Timon without muſic moraliz'd!
Shakeſpeare's ſublime in vain entic'd the throng
Without the aid of Purcell's Syren ſong.
In the ſame antique loom theſe ſcenes were wrought,
Embelliſh'd with good morals and juſt thought;
True Nature in her nobleſt light you ſee,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry
To trifling jeſts and fulſome ribaldry:
What ruſt remains upon the ſhining maſs,
Antiquity muſt privilege to paſs.
'Tis Shakeſpeare's play, and if theſe ſcenes miſcarry,
Let Gormon * take the ſtage—or Lady Mary †.

EPILOGUE

DESIGNED FOR THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dreſs,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find ſucceſs,
Till by fruition novelty deſtroy'd,
The nymph muſt find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies muſt have gems beſide their eyes;

* A famous prize-fighter.
† A famous rope-dancer ſo called.

So fares it too with plays: in vain we write,
Unleſs the muſic and the dance invite;
Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix ſome ſtandard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love:
Judge our deſire by our coſt and pains;
Sure the expenſe, uncertain are the gains.
But tho' we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
Our ſturdy Britons ſcorn to borrow ſenſe.
Howe'er to foreign faſhions we ſubmit,
Still ev'ry fop prefers his mother-wit.
In only wit this conſtancy is ſhown,
For never was that errant changeling known
Who for another's ſenſe would quit his own.
Our author would excuſe theſe youthful ſcenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
Some childiſh fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the Muſe the more for being a boy;
And ladies ſhould be pleas'd, if not content,
To find ſo young a thing not wholly impotent.
Our ſtage-reformers, too, he would diſarm,
In charity ſo cold, in zeal ſo warm!
And therefore, to atone for ſtage-abuſes,
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muſes,
He gives his thirds—to charitable uſes.

IMITATIONS, &c.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

In imitation of the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus.

Mix, mix the philtres—Quick—ſhe flies, ſhe flies,
Deaf to my call, regardleſs of my cries.
Are vows ſo vain? could oaths ſo feeble prove?
Ah! with what eaſe ſhe breaks thoſe chains of love!
Whom Love with all his force had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Queen of the Night, bright empreſs of the ſtars,
The friend of Love! aſſiſt a lover's cares:
And thou, infernal Hecate! be nigh,
At whoſe approach fierce wolves affrighted fly,
Dark tombs diſcloſe their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground, Ariſe, ariſe.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So ſtruggling in love's flame her lover dies:

It burſts, and in a blaze of light expires;
So may ſhe burn, but with more laſting fires.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As the wax melts which to the flame I hold,
So may ſhe melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough iron will yield, and ſtubborn marble run,
And hardeſt hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As with impetuous motion whirling round
This magic wheel ſtill moves, yet keeps its ground,
Ever returning; ſo may ſhe come back,
And never more th' appointed round forſake.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Diana! hail; all hail; moſt welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow:
O thou! whoſe art the pow'r of hell diſarms,
Upon a faithleſs woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl. She comes, the goddeſs comes:
Sound the loud trump, and beat our brazen drums.
Begin begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

How calm 's the ſky! how undiſturb'd the deep!
Nature is huſh'd, the very tempeſts ſleep;
The drowſy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,
And ſilent on the beach repoſe the ſeas:
Love only wakes: the ſtorm that tears my breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my reſt.
O Love! relentleſs Love! tyrant accurs'd!
In deſerts bred, by cruel tigers nurs'd.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

This riband that once bound her lovely waiſt,
O that my arms might gird her there as faſt!
Smiling ſhe gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich zone th' Idalian goddeſs wore:
This riband, this lov'd relic of the fair,
So kiſs'd, and ſo preſerv'd—thus—thus I tear.
O Love! why doſt thou thus delight to rend
My ſoul with pain? ah! why torment thy friend?
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thrice have I ſacrific'd, and, proſtrate, thrice
Ador'd: aſſiſt, ye Pow'rs! the ſacrifice.
Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances and with perjur'd ſmiles,
Malignant vapours blaſt his impious head,
Ye lightnings ſcorch him, thunder ſtrike him dead,

Horror of conſcience all his ſlumbers break,
Diſtract his reſt, as love keeps me awake;
If marry'd, may his wife a Helen be,
And curs'd and ſcorn'd like Menelaus he!
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Theſe pow'rful drops thrice on the threſhold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice her door;
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my ſoul is ever hov'ring round.
Haſte and obey; and binding be the ſpell.
Here ends my charm; O Love! ſucceed it well:
By force of magic ſtop the flying fair,
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thou 'rt now alone, and painful is reſtraint;
Eaſe thy preſs'd heart, and give thy ſorrows vent;
Whence ſprang, and how began, theſe griefs declare,
How much thy love, how cruel thy deſpair.
Ye Moon and Stars! by whoſe auſpicious light
I haunt theſe groves, and waſte the tedious night,
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Too late for hope, for my repoſe too ſoon,
I ſaw, and lov'd; her heart, engag'd, was gone:

A happier man possess'd whom I adore:
O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

What shall I do? shall I in silence bear?
Destroy myself, or kill the ravisher?
Die, wretched lover! die: but, O! beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her:
Wait for a better hour, and trust thy fate:
Thou seek'st her love, beget not then her hate.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

My life consuming with eternal grief,
From herbs and spells I seek a vain relief;
To ev'ry wise magician I repair,
In vain; for still I love, and I despair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sibyls' books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

As melted gold preserves its weight the same,
So burnt my love, nor wasted in the flame.
And now, unable to support the strife,
A glimm'ring hope recalls departing life;

My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may aſk, and ſhe with honour give.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Witneſs, ye Hours! with what unweary'd care
From place to place I ſtill purſu'd the fair;
Nor was Occaſion to reveal my flame
Slow to my ſuccour, for it kindly came:
It came, it came, that moment of delight!
O gods! and how I trembled at the ſight!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Diſmay'd and motionleſs, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I ſtood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My falt'ring tongue in vain for utt'rance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak ſounds and broken accents came
Imperfect, as diſcourſes in a dream.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Soon ſhe divin'd what this confuſion meant,
And gueſs'd with eaſe the cauſe of my complaint:
My tongue embold'ning as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.

O Syren, Syren! fair Deluder! ſay,
Why would you tempt to truſt, and then betray?
So faithleſs now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you ſhould have been leſs kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Secure of innocence, I ſeek to know
From whence this change and my misfortunes grow;
Rumour is loud, and ev'ry voice proclaims
Her violated faith and conſcious flames.
Can this be true? ah! flatt'ring Miſchief! ſpeak;
Could you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the ſpace ſo very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath and perjury?
O Jealouſy! all other ills at firſt
My love eſſay'd, but thou art ſure the worſt.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Ungrateful Mira! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once ſo long I bore:
If paſſion, dire revenge, or black deſpair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I? Ah! feeble rage, and vain;
With how ſecure a brow ſhe mocks my pain!
Thy heart, fond lover! does thy threats belie;
Canſt thou hurt her for whom thou yet wouldſt die!

Nor durſt ſhe thus thy juſt reſentment brave,
But that ſhe knows how much thy ſoul 's her ſlave.
But, ſee! Aurora riſing with the ſun
Diſſolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon;
My ſpells no longer bind at ſight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away.
Love 's the reward of all on earth, in heav'n,
And for a plague to me alone was given.
But ills not to be ſhunn'd we muſt endure;
Death and a broken heart 's a ready cure.
Cynthia! farewell; go reſt thy weary'd light;
I muſt for ever wake—We 'll meet again at night.

AN IMITATION

Of the ſecond Chorus

IN THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES.

When will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compoſe our factions and conclude our wars?
Ye ſons of Inachus! repent the guilt
Of crowns uſurp'd, and blood of parents ſpilt:
For impious greatneſs vengeance is in ſtore;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten pow'r.
Give ear, ambitious Princes! and be wiſe;
Liſten, and learn wherein true greatneſs lies:
Place not your pride in roofs that ſhine with gems,
In purple robes, nor ſparkling diadems,

Nor in dominion nor extent of land;
He 's only great who can himſelf command;
Whoſe guard is peaceful Innocence, whoſe guide
Is faithful Reaſon; who is void of pride,
Checking ambition, nor is idly vain
Of the falſe incenſe of a popular train;
Who without ſtrife or envy can behold
His neighbour's plenty and his heaps of gold,
Nor covets other wealth but what we find
In the poſſeſſions of a virtuous mind.
  Fearleſs he ſees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound;
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red ſcaffold or the blazing throne;
Serenely as he liv'd reſigns his breath,
Meets Deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death.
  Ye ſov'reign Lords! who ſit like gods in ſtate,
Awing the world, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in title, vaſſals in effect,
Whom luſt controls, and wild deſires direct,
The reins of empire but ſuch hands diſgrace,
Where Paſſion, a blind driver, guides the race.
  What is this fame, thus crowded round with ſlaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flatt'ring knaves.
An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name.
In vain we plant, we build, our ſtores increaſe,
If conſcience roots up all our inward peace.

What need of arms, or inftruments of war,
Or batt'ring engines that deftroy from far?
The greateft king and conqueror is he
Who lord of his own appetites can be;
Blefs'd with a pow'r that nothing can deftroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly luxury and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing fure.
Place me, ye Pow'rs! in fome obfcure retreat;
O keep me innocent, make others great!
In quiet fhades, content with rural fports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble eafe,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.
Happy the man who thus, retir'd from fight,
Studies himfelf, and feeks no other light;
But moft unhappy he who fits on high,
Expos'd to ev'ry tongue and ev'ry eye,
Whofe follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a fecret to himfelf alone:
Worfe is an evil fame, much worfe, than none.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI
3

DRAMATIC POEMS.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASK. SET TO MUSIC.

The Argument.

PELEUS, in love with Thetis, by the aſſiſtance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter interpoſing, Peleus, in deſpair, conſults Prometheus, famous for his ſkill in aſtrology, upon whoſe propheſy, that the ſon born of Thetis ſhould prove greater than his father, Jupiter deſiſts. The propheſy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the ſon of Peleus.

Perſons in the Mask.

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

The SCENE *repreſents Mount Caucaſus.* Prometheus *appears chained to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breaſt.*

PELEUS *enters, addreſſing himſelf to* PROMETHEUS.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D on Caucaſus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whoſe inſpecting eye 't is given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the ſtarry heav'n:
To thee, Prometheus! I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROM. From Jupiter ſpring all our woes;
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O Peleus! to oppoſe
Thy torturer and mine.
Contented with deſpair,
Reſign the fair,
Reſign, reſign!
Or, wretched Man! prepare
For change of torments great as mine.

PEL. In change of torment would be eaſe;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Ev'n you, Prometheus! would confeſs
There is no vulture like deſpair.

PROM. Ceaſe, cruel Vulture! to devour.

PEL. Ceaſe, cruel Thetis! to diſdain.

THETIS *entering, they repeat together*,

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture! to devour.
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis! to diſdain.

THET. Peleus! unjuſtly you complain.

PROMETHEUS *and* PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture! to devour.
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis! to diſdain.

THET. Peleus! unjuſtly you complain.
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills reſiſtleſs Fates ordain.
I ſtill am true—and would be kind.

PEL. To love and to languiſh,
To ſigh and complain,
How cruel's the anguiſh,
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curſe of diſdain,
How tormenting 's the pain!
To love, &c.

THET. Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Thro' which all objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thy rival, Peleus! rules the ſky,
Yet I ſo prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chuſe to die
Rather than reign with Jove.

A clap of thunder. Jupiter *appears deſcending upon his Eagle.*

But ſee, the mighty Thund'rer 's here;
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

A full CHORUS *of voices and inſtruments as* Jupiter *is deſcending.*

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty Thund'rer 's here!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

JUPITER *being descended.*

JUP. Presumptuous Slave! rival to Jove,
How dar'st thou, Mortal! thus defy
A goddess with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealousy?
Presumptuous Mortal!—hence—
Tremble at Omnipotence.
PEL. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.
Jove! lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye.
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.
JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder;
Haste, ye Cyclops! with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

PEL. *and* THET. *holding faſt by one another.*

Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.
JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder.
PEL. *and* THET. Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.
THET. *to* JUP. Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate
Is dreadful as thy hate.
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming Semele!
Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate
Is dreadful as thy hate.
PROM. *to* JUP. Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſh'd leiſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the gods, but Fate rules thee.

THE PROPHESY.

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing
Shall taſte joy and reap the bleſſing,
Thus th' unerring ſtars adviſe:
From that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal glories to efface,
The moſt illuſtrious of his race,
Tho' ſprang from him who rules the ſkies.
JUP. *apart.*] Shall then the ſon of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious ſon?

Juſtly th' impartial Fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the ſire
Of ſuch another ſon.
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe,
And guilt, that made me great, ſhall make me wiſe.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;
Peleus! take the maid divine : [*Giving her to* Peleus.
Jove conſenting, ſhe is thine.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign. [*Joins their hands.*

PEL. Heav'n had been loſt had I been Jove.
There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n, but love.

PELEUS *and* THETIS *together.*

There is no heav'n but love.
No, no, no;
There is no heav'n but love.

JUP. *to* PROM. And thou, the ſtars' interpreter,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free
Who giv'ſt me liberty;
Ariſe, and be thyſelf a ſtar.
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free
Who giv'ſt me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the feet of* Prometheus, *his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven with* Jupiter, *to a loud flouriſh of all the inſtruments.*

PELEUS *and* THETIS *run into each others' arms.*

PEL. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddeſs of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting joy!
But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus preſſing,
Is heav'nly, heav'nly bleſſing!
O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul!

THET. You tremble, Peleus—So do I—
Ah, ſtay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My ſoul ſhall take its flight with thine:
Life diſſolving in delight,
Heaving breaſts and ſwimming ſight,
Falt'ring ſpeech and gaſping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death;
Life diſſolving in delight,
My ſoul is ready for the flight.
O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul!

Peleus *and* Thetis *both together repeat*,

O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul!

CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments, ſinging and dancing*

When the ſtorm is blown over
How bleſs'd is the ſwain
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain!
When the ſtorm, &c.

The Maſk concludes with variety of dances.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS:
OR, NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

With scenes, machines, music, and decorations, &c.

THE PREFACE.

Of all public spectacles, that which should properly be called an Opera is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a twofold task upon his hands in the dramatic and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, *&c.* have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials indeed, in different hands, will have different success; all depends upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients. A bad artist will make but a mere hodge-podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent olio.

The seasoning must be sense. Unless there is wherewithal to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.

The French opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

An Engliſh ſtomach requires ſomething ſolid and ſubſtantial, and will riſe hungry from a regale of nothing but ſweetmeats.

An opera is a kind of *ambigu*: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the ſeaſon affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unleſs there is ſomething too for the appetite, it is odds but the gueſts break up diſſatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his ſentiments, and the juſtneſs of his characters. In this conſiſts the ſolid and the ſubſtantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon ſome ſtory in which Enchanters and Magicians have a principal part. In our modern heroic poems they ſupply the place of the gods with the Ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with ſupernatural power.

The characters ſhould be great and illuſtrious; the figure the actor makes upon the ſtage is one part of the ornament; by conſequence the ſentiments muſt be ſuitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal ſhare.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is ſet to notes, and ſung, I would have pronounced: if

the numbers are of themſelves harmonious, there will be no need of muſic to ſet them off: a good verſe, well pronounced, is in itſelf muſical; and ſpeech is certainly more natural for diſcourſe than ſinging.

Can any thing be more prepoſterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæſar, and Alexander the Great, ſtrutting upon the ſtage in the figure of ſongſters, perſonated by eunuchs?

The ſinging, therefore, ſhould be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which, by being freed from a tireſome, unnatural recitative, muſt certainly adminiſter more reaſonable pleaſure.

The ſeveral parts of the entertainment ſhould be ſo ſuited to relieve one another as to be tedious in none; and the connexion ſhould be ſuch, that not one ſhould be able to ſubſiſt without the other: like embroidery, ſo fixed and wrought into the ſubſtance, that no part of the ornament could be removed without tearing the ſtuff.

To introduce ſinging and dancing by head and ſhoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera, though that title is now promiſcuouſly given to every farce ſprinkled here and there with a ſong and a dance.

The richeſt lace, ridiculouſly ſet on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticiſe what has appeared of this kind on the Engliſh ſtage: we have ſe-

veral poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the beſt hands; but, in my opinion, the ſubjects, for the moſt part, have been improperly choſen. Mr. Addiſon's Roſamond, and Mr. Congreve's Semele, though excellent in their kind, are rather maſks than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minuteſt things, I am for endeavouring to outdo our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the ſplendour of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were ſo ſkilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to inſtruct as well as delight, to improve the mind as well as raviſh the ſenſe, there can be no doubt but ſuch an addition would entitle our Engliſh opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been ſo liberal to foreigners for a concert of muſic only, miſcalled an opera, would more than effect it.

In the conſtruction of the following Poem the Author has endeavoured to ſet an example to his rules; precepts are beſt explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better: however, it may ſerve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of ſcenes of low life, and return to a taſte of more generous pleaſures.

We are reproached by foreigners with ſuch unna-

tural irregularities in our dramatic pieces as are ſhocking to all other nations; even a Swiſs has played the critic upon us, without conſidering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A ſtranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the ſentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he ſees. When Oedipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocaſta appears in her bed murdering herſelf and her children, inſtead of moving terror or compaſſion, ſuch ſpectacles only fill the ſpectator with horror: no wonder if ſtrangers are ſhocked at ſuch ſights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can ſeem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wiſhed our ſcenes were leſs bloody, and the ſword and dagger more out of faſhion. To make ſome amends for this excluſion, I would be leſs ſevere as to the rigour of ſome other laws enacted by the maſters, though it is always adviſable to keep as cloſe to them as poſſible: but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain ſubjects proper for moving the paſſions may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, ſure there may be room for a ſaving in equity from the ſeverity of the common law of Parnaſſus as well as of the King's Bench. To ſacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the ſucceſs of the whole may de-

pend, is being too ſtrictly tied down; in ſuch a caſe *ſummum jus* may be *ſumma injuria*.

Corneille himſelf complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is infinite "difference," ſays he, "between ſpeculation and "practice: let the ſevereſt critic make the trial, he "will be convinced by his own experience, that upon "certain occaſions too ſtrict an adherence to the let-"ter of the law ſhall exclude a bright opportunity of "ſhining, or touching the paſſions. Where the breach "is of little moment, or can be contrived to be as it "were imperceptible in the repreſentation, a gentle "diſpenſation might be allowed." To thoſe little freedoms he attributes the ſucceſs of his Cyd: but the rigid legiſlators of the Academy handled him ſo roughly for it, that he never durſt make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinion-ed, the French Muſe muſt always flutter like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the ſame conſtraint as the conſtruction: not a diſcourſe, but an oration; not ſpeaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and eaſy, as converſation ſhould be, but pre-ciſe, ſet, formal argumenting, *pro* and *con*, like diſ-putants in a ſchool. In writing, like dreſs, is it not poſſible to be too exact, too ſtarched, and too formal? Pleaſing negligence I have ſeen: who ever ſaw plea-ſing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French Puritan in the drama, or an Engliſh Latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the Britiſh Muſe is too unruly, the French is too tame: one wants a curb, the other a ſpur.

By pleading for ſome little relaxation from the utmoſt ſeverity of the rules, where the ſubject may ſeem to require it, I am not beſpeaking any ſuch indulgence for the preſent performance: though the Ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this ſpecies of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their ſtricteſt leſſons.

The unities are religiouſly obſerved; the place is the ſame, varied only into different proſpects by the power of enchantment; all the incidents fall naturally within the very time of repreſentation; the plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the ſame point; the ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, ſo that one could not well ſubſiſt without the other; every act concludes with ſome unexpected revolution; and, in the end, vice is puniſhed, virtue rewarded, and the moral is inſtructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, ſeems to me the moſt proper ſtyle for repreſentations of this heroic romantic kind, and beſt adapted to accompany muſic. The ſolemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means

become a paſſionate lover, and tender ſentiments require the ſofteſt colouring.

The theme muſt govern the ſtyle; every thought, every character, every ſubject of a different nature, muſt ſpeak a different language. An humble lover's gentle addreſs to his miſtreſs would rumble ſtrangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the ſoft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Belzebub. The terrible and the tender muſt be ſet to different notes of muſic.

To conclude: this Dramatic attempt was the firſt eſſay of a very infant Muſe, rather as a taſk at ſuch hours as were free from other exerciſes, than any way meant for public entertainment: but Mr. Betterton, having had a caſual ſight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the ſtage, where it found ſo favourable a reception as to have an uninterrupted run of at leaſt forty days. The ſeparation of the principal actors, which ſoon followed, and the introduction of the Italian opera, put a ſtop to its farther appearance.

Had it been compoſed at a riper time of life the faults might have been fewer: however, upon reviſing it now, at ſo great a diſtance of time, with a cooler judgment than the firſt conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot abſolutely ſay *Scripſiſſe pudet*.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

CELIUS, a British king, father to Oriana.

CONSTANTIUS, a Roman emperor, designed for marriage with Oriana.

AMADIS of Gaul, a famous knight-adventurer, in love with Oriana.

FLORESTAN, his companion, in love with Corisanda.

ARCALAUS, a wicked enchanter, enemy to Amadis.

LUCIUS, a Roman of the emperor's train.

WOMEN.

ORIANA, in love with Amadis, but given in marriage to Constantius.

CORISANDA, betrothed to Florestan.

URGANDA, a good enchantress, friend to Amadis.

ARCABON, sister to Arcalaus.

DELIA, an attendant to Urganda.

Troops of Magicians attending the several Enchanters.

Knights and ladies, captives. Men and women attending the British court. Priests or Druids. Romans attending Constantius. *Singers, dancers, &c.*

SCENE, the King's Palace and parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of music. The scene represents an enchanted grove, adorned and beautified with fountains, statues, &c. Urganda *and* Delia *performing some solemn ceremony of enchantment. A full stage of singers and dancers.*

URGANDA *and* DELIA.

URGANDA.

Sound, sound, ye Winds! the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bride;

* See the Prologue, p. 128.

Aſſiſt an injur'd lover's faithful love;
An injur'd lover's cauſe is worthy Jove.
DEL. Succeſsful is our charm: the temple ſhakes,
The altar nods, th' aſtoniſh'd prieſt forſakes
The hallow'd ſhrine, ſtarts from the bridegroom's ſide,
Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.
URG. Ye ſweet Muſicians of the ſky!
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic elſe ſupply.

[Urganda *and* Delia *retire down the ſcene, waving their enchanted rods, as continuing the ceremony.*

A full CHORUS *of inſtruments and voices.*

" Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
" Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute:
" In harmony,
" Celeſtial harmony!
" All magic charms are found.
" Sound the trumpet, ſound."

[*Here the Statues leap from their pedeſtals, and form variety of dances.*

CHORUS *of Singers after the dance.*

" Muſic ſo charms, and does ſo ſweetly wound,
" That ev'ry ſenſe is raviſh'd with the ſound."

A ſingle voice.

" When nymphs are coy,
" And fly from joy,

"The shepherd takes his reed;
"He plays a tune,
"She stops as soon,
"And straight they are agreed.

"The battle near
"When cowards fear,
"The drum and trumpet sounds;
"Their courage warms,
"They rush to arms,
"And brave a thousand wounds."

CHORUS.

"By harmony our souls are sway'd;
"By harmony the world was made."

A second Dance.

Singers again advance.

A single voice.

"When with adoring looks we gaze
"On bright Oriana's heav'nly face,
"In ev'ry glance and ev'ry grace
"What is it that we see
"But harmony,
"Celestial harmony!
"Our ravish'd hearts leap up to meet
"The music of her eyes,
"The music of her eyes,
"And dance around her feet."

Full CHORUS *of voices and inſtruments as at firſt.*

" Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
" Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
" In harmony,
" Celeſtial harmony!
" All magic charms are found.
" Sound the trumpet, ſound."

A third dance.

URGANDA *and* DELIA *come forward.*

URG. This care for Amadis, ye Gods! approve,
For what's a ſoldier's recompenſe but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to diſtant war,
His vanquiſh'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conqueſt made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

DEL. By Arcabon, like hoſtile Juno, croſt,
And, like Æneas, driv'n from coaſt to coaſt,
The wand'ring hero would return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of Fate,
Who, anxious of neglect, ſuſpecting change,
Conſults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URG. Juſt in the moment when reſentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires,
Love yields at laſt, thus combated by pride,
And ſhe ſubmits to be the Roman's bride.

DEL. Did not your art with timely charms provide,
Oriana were his wife and not his bride.

URG. In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
The infant world with monſters overgrown,
Centaurs, and giants, nurs'd with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods, but moſt the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers ſlain.
To ſhelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect ſome patron-knight,
Sworn to be true to love, and ſlaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By ſhining marks diſtinguiſh'd they appear,
And various orders various enſigns wear:
Bound by ſtrict oaths to ſerve the brighteſt eyes,
Not more they ſtrive for glory than the prize;
While, to invite the toil, the faireſt dame
Of Britain is the boldeſt champion's claim.

DEL. Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardieſt knight:
Nor Theſeus nor Alcides ventur'd more,
Nor he ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in monſter's gore,
Upon his creſted helm the trampled dragon bore.

URG. Ardan, that black enchanter, whoſe dire arts
Enſlav'd our knights, and broke our virgins' hearts;
Met ſpear to ſpear, his great deliv'ring hand
Slew the deſtroyer, and redeem'd the land;

Far from thy breaſt all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine by conqueſt as by love.
DEL. But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to deſtroy,
Their fatal arts as impiouſly employ:
Heirs to their brother's miſchiefs, and ſworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppoſe
Againſt his love and life.
URG. ——With equal care
Their vengeance to prevent we thus prepare.
Behold the time when tender Love ſhall be
Nor vex'd with doubt nor preſs'd with tyranny;
The love-ſick hero ſhall from camps remove
To reap reward: the hero's pay is love.
The taſks of glory painful are and hard,
But, ah! how bleſs'd, how ſweet, is the reward!

As ſhe retires, CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments repeat.*

"Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
"Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
"In harmony,
"Celeſtial harmony!
"All magic charms are found.
"Sound the trumpet, ſound."

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to the inſide of a magnificent temple. King Celius *and the Britiſh court. Men and women magnificently dreſſed in painted habits, after the ancient manner. The prieſts and Druids in their ſolemnities, ſeeming in confuſion, replacing their idols, and ſetting their altars in order. Thunder and lightning. In the mean-time* CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, *and* CORISANDA, *come forward.*

CONSTANTIUS.

LOVERS conſult not ſtars, nor ſearch the ſkies,
But ſeek their ſentence in their charmers' eyes.
Careleſs of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take.
When my Oriana ſmiles, from thence I date
My future hope, and when ſhe frowns my fate.
ORI. Ceaſe, Prince! the anger of the gods to move;
'Tis now become a crime to mention love:
Our holy men, interpreting the voice
Of Heav'n in wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd choice.
CON. Strange rules for conſtancy your prieſts deviſe,
If love and hate muſt vary with your ſkies.
From ſuch vile ſervitude ſet Reaſon free;
The gods in ev'ry circumſtance agree,
To ſuit our union, pointing out to me.
In this right hand the ſceptre that they place
For me to guide was meant for you to grace.
Thou beſt and faireſt of the beauteous kind!
Accept that empire which the gods deſign'd,
And be the charming miſtreſs of mankind.

COR. Nuptials of form, of intereſt, or of ſtate,
Thoſe ſeeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And chuſe the gentle virgin chaſte and fair:
Let women to ſuperior fortune born
For naked virtue all temptations ſcorn:
The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd;
And Providence, not niggardly but wiſe,
Here laviſhly beſtows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may riſe.
Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,
But friend and benefactor always bind.

The KING *advances, followed by Prieſts and train.*

KING. Our prieſts recover; 't was a holy cheat.
Lead back the bride; the ceremonies wait.
ORI. What Heav'n forbids—
KING. —'Twas ignorance of my will:
Our prieſts are better taught: what now is ill
Shall, when I pleaſe, be good; and none ſhall dare
Preach or expound but what their king would hear.
[Prieſts bow profoundly low.
Ere they interpret let 'em mark my nod,
My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.
[Looking ſternly at them, they bow again as before.
Prince! take your bride.
ORI. 'Twere impious now to ſuffer him my hand.
[Refuſing her hand.

KING. How dar'ſt thou diſobey when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be diſturb'd at tears,
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears.
You'd ſee, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, ſhe wiſhes for diſpatch.
Into a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Prieſts, to your charge—back to your office go.

[Spoken with a ſtern imperious air. Prieſts retire, obſequiouſly bowing, as before.

ORI. Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir! ſhall ever be obſerv'd by me:
It is not to diſpute your high decree
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's ſhort ſuſpenſe. I own your power,
And I ſubmit. Grant but this ſmall delay,
And as the prince decides Oriana ſhall obey.

CON. I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Deſtin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

KING, *aſide.*] Into what hands, ye Gods! have ye reſign'd
Your world? Are theſe the maſters of mankind?
Theſe ſupple Romans teach our women ſcorn:
I thank ye, Gods! that I'm a Briton born.
Agree theſe trifles in a ſhort debate. *[To them.*
No more delays. I am not us'd to wait.

[King Celius *retires back into the temple.*

Oriana, Conſtantius, *and* Coriſanda, *after a ſhort pauſe.*

ORI. Your ſtars and mine have choſen you, to prove
The nobleſt way how generous men ſhould love:
All boaſt their flames, but yet no woman found
A paſſion where ſelf-love was not the ground.
Slaves we are made, by falſe pretences caught;
The Briton in my ſoul diſdains the thought.

CON. So much, ſo tenderly, your ſlave adores,
He has no thought of happineſs but your's.

ORI. Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall mere words [prevail;
I muſt have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that 's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, ſwear.

CON. Needs there an oath? and can Oriana ſay
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

ORI. Prepare then, Prince! to hear a ſecret told
Which ſhame would ſhun, and bluſhing I unfold,
But dangers preſſing, cowards will grow bold.
Know—then—I love.

CON. *eagerly.*] Can you command deſpair, yet love confeſs,
And curſe with the ſame breath with which you bleſs?

ORI. *diſdainfully putting him off.*] Miſtake me not—
That I do love is true;
But flatter not yourſelf; it is not you.

CON. *ſtarting.*] Forbid it, Gods! recall the fatal breath
Which ſpoke that word; the ſound is inſtant death.

ORI. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny;
I own the fatal truth.—If one muſt die,
You are the judge. Say, is it you—or I?

A MESSENGER *from the temple.*

MESS. The King is much diſpleas'd at this delay.

CON. *walking about in a paſſion.*] And let him wait, while 't is my will to ſtay.

ORI. Bear back a gentler anſwer: we 'll obey.

[*Exit* Meſſ.

CON. Hence ev'ry ſound that 's either ſoft or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind!
Say, Flatt'rer! ſay, ah! fair Deluder! ſpeak;
Anſwer me this ere yet my heart ſhall break;
Since thus engag'd you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

ORI. To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a ſubject muſt ſubmit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a ſlave, and you have made me ſo.
Thoſe chains which duty hath put on remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

CON. Cruel Oriana! much you wrong my flame,
To think that I could lay ſo harſh a claim.
Love is a ſubject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other empire but his own.
No ties can bind which from conſtraint ariſe;
Where either 's forc'd all obligation dies.

O fatal law! requiring to resign
The object lov'd or hated, keep her mine.

ORI. *soothingly.*] Accuse me not of hate; with equal [eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize.
Friendship, esteem, be your's. Bereft before
Of all my love, what can I offer more?
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him esteem in you.
Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd.
Then blame me not, since what decides your fate
Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

COR. Hard fate of merit; Fortune holds the scale,
And still throws in the weight that must prevail.
Your rival is not of more charms possess'd;
A grain of better luck has made him bless'd.

CON. *aside.*] To love, and have the power to possess,
And yet resign, can Nature yield to this?
Shall Nature, erring from her first command,
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act the springs of life destroy,
The principles and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd by cursing whom we love?
Possessing she is lost—renouncing—I—
Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Constantius, die.
Honour, and Love! ye Tyrants! I obey, [*Aloud.*
Where'er your cruel call directs my way.

To ſhame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on. Unpitying Guides!—behold your ſlave.

ORI. Tho' love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends with fame in war.
Honour's the nobleſt chaſe; purſue that game,
And recompenſe the loſs of love with fame:
If ſtill againſt ſuch aids your love prevails,
Yet abſence is a cure that ſeldom fails.

CON. Tyrannic Honour! what amends canſt thou
E'er make my heart by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unleſs the conqueſt prove
In ſearch of beauty to conclude in love:
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give
That love which ſpite of cruelty can live!
From your diſdain ſince no relief I find,
I muſt love abſent whom I love unkind:
Tho' ſeas divide us, and tho' mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O! dire reverſe of hope which I endure,
From ſure poſſeſſion to deſpair as ſure!
Farewell, Oriana! yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuſe one tear to bleeding Love?
Ah, no! take heed—turn, turn thoſe eyes away,
The charm 's ſo ſtrong I ſhall for ever ſtay.
Princeſs! rejoice—for your next news ſhall be
Conſtantius dies—to ſet Oriana free. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene a thick-wooded foreſt, the trees loaded with military enſigns and trophies. A rich pavilion makes the point of view at the farther end.

ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON.

ARCALAUS.

ENCHANTRESS! ſay—whence ſuch replies as theſe?
Thou anſwer'ſt Love, I ſpeak of Amadis.

ARCAB. Swiftly he paſs'd, and as in ſport purſu'd
The ſavage herd, and ſcoured thro' the wood;
Tigers and wolves in vain his ſtroke withſtand,
Cut down like poppies by the reaper's hand:
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and ſtrong,
Like Jove majeſtic, like Apollo young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And ſure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCAL. Who paſs'd? who look'd?

ARCAB. ——Ah! there's the fatal wound
Which tears my heartſtrings—But he ſhall be found:
Yes, ye Infernals! if there's pow'r in art,
Theſe arms ſhall hold him as he graſps my heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep
The ſtars confin'd, enchant the boiſt'rous deep,
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and foreſts move,
Shall I——

ARCAL.——Be made a whining fool to love?

Suſpend theſe follies, and let rage ſurmount;
A brother's death requires a ſtrict account.
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murth'rer 's in our pow'r.
Leave Love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obſcure, and with the lowly ſwain;
Who waſte their days and ſtrength in ſuch ſhort joys
Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

ARCAB. They 're fools who preach we waſte our days and ſtrength:
What is a life whoſe only charm is length?
Give me a life that 's ſhort and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whoſe minutes never cloy.
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little ſingle hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters haſtily, and whiſpers Arcalaus.

ARCAL. See it perform'd—and thou ſhalt be,
Black miniſter of Hell!—a god to me.

[*Attendant flies away thro' the air.*

He comes, he comes, juſt ready to be caught.
Here Ardan fell, here on this fatal ſpot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple flood, which cries aloud for more.
Think on that image, ſee him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound.
Think on the murth'rer, with inſulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding ſide:
Oh! think——

ARCAB. What need theſe bloody images to move?
Revenge I will, and would ſecure my love.
Why ſhould I of a frailty ſhameful be
From which no mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce Medea, miſtreſs of our art,
Nor Circe nor Calypſo, 'ſcap'd the ſmart.
If hell has pow'r both paſſions I will pleaſe;
My vengeance and my love ſhall both have eaſe.
Lead on, Magician! make revenge ſecure;
My hand 's as ready, and ſhall ſtrike as ſure. [*They go off.*

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA *entering from the lower part of the ſcene.*

ORI. Thrice happy they who thus in ſilent groves,
From courts retir'd, poſſeſs their peaceful loves.
Of royal maids how wretched is the fate,
Born only to be victims of the ſtate!
Our hopes, our wiſhes, all our paſſions, ty'd
For public uſe, the ſlaves of others' pride.
Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
Depends my peace: I tremble till 't is known.
COR. So generous this emperor's love does ſeem,
'T would juſtify a change to change for him.
ORI. Alas! thou knoweſt not men, their oaths and arts
Of feigning truth, with treaſon in their hearts.
Who now 's ador'd may the next hour diſpleaſe,
At firſt their cure, and after their diſeaſe.
[*Flouriſh of muſic as in the foreſt.*

COR. Oft' we have heard ſuch airy ſounds as theſe
Salute us as we paſs.

Enter ſeveral of Arcalaus' *Magicians ſinging and dancing, repreſenting ſhepherds, ſhepherdeſſes, and païſans.*

A Shepherd ſinging.

" Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all!
" Come celebrate this feſtival,
" And merrily ſing, and ſport, and play,
" For 't is Oriana's nuptial day."

A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes. Then a Shepherdeſs, addreſſing to Oriana, *ſings.*

" Queen of Britain and of Love,
" Be happy as the bleſs'd above;
" Graces numberleſs attend thee,
" The gods as many bleſſings ſend thee.
" Be happy as the bleſs'd above,
" Queen of Britain and of Love!"

A rural dance of Païſans. [*Exeunt dancing.*

ORI. Prepoſt'rous nuptials! that fill ev'ry breaſt
With joy but only her's who ſhould be bleſt.
COR. Sure ſome magician keeps his revels here:
Princeſs! retire; there may be danger near.
[*Flouriſh of ſoft muſic at a diſtance.*

ORI. What danger in ſuch gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to Love, thrice-pow'rful Harmony!
I'll follow thee; play on—
Muſic 's the balm of love, it charms deſpair,
Suſpends the ſmart, and ſoftens ev'ry care.
[*Exeunt down the ſcene, following the muſic.*

ARCALAUS *enters, with an attendant, obſerving them as they walk down into the foreſt.*

ARCAL. Finiſh the reſt, and then be free as air.
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form ſo fair.
Happy beyond my wiſh, I go to prove
At once the joys of ſweet revenge and love.
[*Walks down the ſcene after them.*

Enter AMADIS *and* FLORESTAN.

AMAD. Miſtake me not—No—Amadis ſhall die
If ſhe is pleas'd, but not diſturb her joy.
Nice honour ſtill engages to requite
Falſe miſtreſſes and friends with ſlight for ſlight:
But if, like mine, the ſtubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderneſs, the brave muſt feign
In private grief, but with a careleſs ſcorn
In public ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.
FLOR. Hard is the taſk in love or grief to feign;
When paſſion is ſincere it will complain;
Doubts which from rumour riſe you ſhould ſuſpend;
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?

In love who injures by a raſh diſtruſt
Is the aggreſſor, and the firſt unjuſt.
AMAD. If ſhe is true, why all this nuptial noiſe,
Still echoing as we paſs her guilty joys?
Who to a woman truſts his peace of mind
Truſts a frail bark with a tempeſtuous wind.
Thus to Ulyſſes, on the Stygian coaſt,
His fate inquiring, ſpake Atrides' ghoſt:
" Of all the plagues with which the world is curſt,
" Of ev'ry ill, a woman is the worſt.
" Truſt not a woman."—Well might he adviſe
Who periſh'd by his wife's adulteries.
FLOR. Thus in deſpair what moſt we love we wrong;
Not Heav'n eſcapes the impious Athieſt's tongue.
AMAD. Enticing crocodiles, whoſe tears are death;
Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath;
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the ſight,
Pompouſly deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glitt'ring gold and ſparkling gems they ſhine,
But apes and monkies are the gods within.
FLOR. My love attends with pain, while you purſue
This angry theme—I have a miſtreſs too;
The faultleſs form no ſecret ſtains diſgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemiſh'd as her face,
Not painted and adorn'd to varniſh ſin,
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love ſhe got,
A heav'n without a cloud, a ſun without a ſpot.

AMAD. *embracing him.*] Forgive the viſions of my frantic brain;
Far from the man I love be all ſuch pain.
By the immortal gods I ſwear, my Friend!
The Fates to me no greater joy could ſend
Than that your labours meet a proſp'rous end;
After ſo many glorious toils, that you
Have found a miſtreſs beautiful and true.

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA *without.*

ORI. *and* COR. Help, help; oh! Heav'ns! help—
AMAD. ——What cries are theſe?
FLOR. It ſeem'd the call of Beauty in diſtreſs.
Of ſavage beaſts and men a monſtrous brood
Poſſeſs this land—
ORI. *and* COR. ——Help, help——
AMAD. ——Again the cry's renew'd.
Draw both our ſwords, and fly with ſpeed to ſave.
Th' oppreſs'd have a ſure refuge in the brave.
[*Exeunt, drawing their ſwords.*

Oriana *and* Coriſanda *croſs the ſtage, purſued by a party of* Arcalaus' *Magicians.*

ORI. *and* COR. Help, help——
PARTY. Purſue, purſue——
[Floreſtan *croſſes the ſtage, following the purſuit;* Arcalaus *fighting, and retreating before* Amadis.

ARCAL. Thou runn'ſt upon thy fate, Mortal! forbear;
A more than mortal rules the regions here.

AMAD. Think not my ſword ſhall give the leaſt reprieve;
'Twere cruelty to let ſuch monſters live.

Floreſtan *re-enters, retreating before another party; is ſeized, diſarmed, and carried off.*

ARCAL. Yet pauſe, and be adviſ'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life my vengeance is complete:
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains;
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

AMAD. Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall;
Thus I'll at once revenge and free them all.

[*Fight;* Arcalaus *ſtill retreating. A ſudden ſound of inſtruments expreſſing terror and horror, with thunder at the ſame time. Monſters and Demons riſe from under the ſtage, while others fly down from above, croſſing to and fro in confuſion, during which the ſtage is darkened. On a ſudden a flouriſh of contrary muſic ſucceeds, the ſky clears, and the whole ſcene changes to a delightful vale,* Amadis *appearing leaning on his ſword ſurrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who with ſongs, muſic, and dances, perform the following enchantment.*

To be ſung in full CHORUS.

"Love! creator Love! appear;
"Attend, and hear.
"Appear, appear, appear.

A ſingle voice.

"Love! creator Love!
"Parent of heav'n and earth,
"Delight of gods above;
"To thee all Nature owes her birth,
"Love! creator Love!"

Another ſingle voice.

"All that in ambient air does move,
"Or teems on fertile fields below,
"Or ſparkles in the ſkies above,
"Or does in rolling waters flow,
"Spring from the ſeeds which thou doſt ſow,
"Love! creator Love!"

CHORUS.

"Better in love a ſlave to be,
"Than with the wideſt empire free."

Dance.

ODE TO DISCORD.

A single voice.

"When Love 's away then Discord reigns:
"The Furies he unchains,
"Bids Æolus unbind
"The northern wind,
"That fetter'd lay in caves,
"And root up trees, and plough the plains.
"Old Ocean frets and raves,
"From their deep roots the rocks he tears,
"Whole deluges lets fly,
"That dash against the sky,
"And seem to drown the stars:
"Th' assaulted clouds return the shock,
"Blue lightnings singe the waves,
"And thunder rends the rock.

"Then Jove usurps his father's crown,
"Instructing mortals to aspire;
"The father would destroy the son,
"The son dethrones the sire.
"The Titans, to regain their right,
"Prepare to try a second fight;
"Briareus arms his hundred hands,
"And marches forth the bold gigantic bands,

" Pelion upon Oſſa thrown,
" Steep Olympus they invade,
" Gods and giants tumble down,
" And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.

" Horror, confuſion, dreadful ire,
" Daggers, poiſon, ſword, and fire,
" To execute the deſtin'd wrath conſpire:
" The Furies looſe their ſnaky rods,
" And laſh both men and gods."

CHORUS *repeat the laſt ſtanza.*

Then SYMPHONY FOR LOVE.

A ſingle voice.

" But when Love bids Diſcord ceaſe,
" The jarring ſeeds unite in peace;
" O the pleaſures paſt expreſſing!
" O the rapture of poſſeſſing!
" Melting, dying, heav'nly bleſſing!
" O the rapture of poſſeſſing!
" Hail to Love, and welcome joy!
" Hail to the delicious Boy!

" In Cyprus firſt the god was known;
" Then wand'ring, wand'ring o'er the main,
" He in Britannia fix'd his reign,
" And in Oriana's eyes his throne."

A full CHORUS.

"Hail to Love, and welcome joy!
"Hail to the delicious Boy!
"See the ſun from Love returning,
"Love 's the flame in which he 's burning.
"Hail to Love, the ſofteſt pleaſure!
"Love and Beauty reign for ever."

Dance.

Then to be ſung by a Shepherdeſs, addreſſing herſelf to Amadis.

"Now, Mortal! prepare,
"For thy fate is at hand;
"Now, Mortal! prepare
"And ſurrender;
"For Love ſhall ariſe,
"Whom no pow'r can withſtand,
"Who rules from the ſkies
"To the centre.

"Now, Mortal! prepare,
"For thy fate is at hand;
"Now, Mortal! prepare
"And ſurrender.

CHORUS *repeat.*

"Now, Mortal! prepare, &c.

During the Chorus ORIANA *appears riſing from under the ſtage, repoſed upon a machine repreſenting a bed of flowers. The Chorus ended ſhe riſes, and comes forward.*

ORI. In what enchanted regions am I loſt?
Am I alive? or wander here a ghoſt?
Art thou, too, dead? [*Starting at the ſight of* Amadis.
AMAD. Where'er you are the realms of bliſs muſt be;
I ſee my goddeſs, and 't is heav'n to ſee!
[*Throwing away his ſword, is ſeized and bound.*
Stand off, and give me way——
ORI. ——No, keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor! let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Siſyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans.
With robbers and with murd'rers let him prove
Immortal pains—for he has murder'd Love.
AMAD. Have I done this?——
ORI. ——Baſe and perfidious man!
Let me be heard, and anſwer if you can.
Was it your love when, trembling, by your ſide
I wept, and I implor'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Urging your ſtay?—Was it your love that bore
Your faithleſs veſſel from the Britiſh ſhore?
What ſaid I not upon the fatal night
When you avow'd your meditated flight?
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?

See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate!
Repent your folly—but repent too late.
AMAD. Miſtaken Princeſs! By the ſtars above,
The pow'rs below, and by immortal Jove,
Unwilling and compell'd——
ORI. Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain pretence,
For baſe neglect and cold indifference.
Was it your love when by thoſe ſtars above,
Thoſe pow'rs below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd before the firſt revolving moon
You would return?—Did you return?—The ſun
Thrice round the circled globe was ſeen to move,
You neither came nor ſent—Was this your love?
AMAD. Thrice has that ſun beheld me on your coaſt,
By tempeſts beaten, and in ſhipwrecks loſt.
ORI. And yet you choſe thoſe perils of the ſea,
Of rocks and ſtorms—or any thing—but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my paſſion, with my wiſhes join'd;
No image but of certain fate appear'd;
Leſs I your abſence than your danger fear'd:
In vain they threaten'd, and I ſu'd in vain;
More deaf than ſtorms, more cruel than the main,
No pray'r nor gentle meſſage could prevail
To wait a calmer ſky or ſofter gale:
You brav'd the danger, and deſpis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor paſſion move.

AMAD. Of our paſt lives the pleaſure and the pain
Fix'd in my ſoul for ever ſhall remain;
Recall more gently my unhappy ſtate,
And charge my crime not on my choice, but Fate.
In mortal breaſt ſure Honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd.
You ſaw my torment, and you knew my heart;
'Twas infamy to ſtay, 't was death to part.

ORI. In vain you'd cover with the thirſt of fame,
And Honour's call, an odious traitor's name.
Could Honour ſuch vile perfidy approve?
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too ſome remnants found a place;
From Brute deſcending in a line direct,
Within theſe veins thy fav'rite blood reſpect:
Mother of Love! by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe vows, and let this pray'r be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal hatred and eternal war;
Nor league nor commerce let the nations know,
But ſeeds of everlaſting diſcord grow;
With fire and ſword the faithleſs race purſue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Riſe from our aſhes ſome avenging hand
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land;
Waves fight with waves, and ſhores with ſhores engage,
And let our ſons inherit the ſame rage.

AMAD. Might I be heard one word in my defence—

ORI. No, not a word. What ſpecious forc'd pretence
Would you invent to gild a weak defence?
To falſe Æneas, when 't was giv'n by Fate
To tread the paths of Death, and view the Stygian
Forſaken Dido was the firſt that ſtood [ſtate,
To ſtrike his eye, her boſom bath'd in blood
Freſh from her wound: pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the falſe man; confounded at the ſight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and ſome faint words he ſpoke,
Some tears he ſhed which, with diſdainful look,
Unmov'd ſhe heard and ſaw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock when faithleſs tempeſts roar:
With one laſt look his falſeneſs ſhe upbraids,
Then ſullenly retires, and ſeeks eternal ſhades.
Lead me, O lead me! where the bleeding queen
With juſt reproaches loads perfidious men.
Baniſh'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endleſs night,
But keep--that odious object--from my ſight. [*Exit.*

Enter ARCALAUS.

ARCAL. With her laſt words ſhe ſign'd his dying breath;
Convey him ſtraight to tortures and to death.

AMAD. Let me not periſh with a traitor's name,
Naked, unarm'd, and ſingle, as I am,
Looſe this right hand———

ARCAL. Hence to his fate the valiant boaſter bear.
[*Sinks under the ſtage with him.*
For him let our infernal prieſts prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars—But for her
Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bow'rs,
Muſic and ſongs, and all thoſe melting pow'rs
With which love ſteals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderneſs and yielding———
Superior charms enchant us to be kind. [*Exit.*

The Act concludes with dancing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON *meeting.*

ARCALAUS.

WELCOME as after darkneſs cheerful light,
Or to the weary wand'rer downy night.
Smile, ſmile, my Arcabon! for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt looks reward my toil:
That ſullen air but ill becomes thee now;
Seeſt thou not glorious conqueſt on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis!———

ARCAB. Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

ARCAL. He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die:
The gnawing vulture and the reſtleſs wheel
Shall be delight to what the wretch ſhall feel.

ARCAB. Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinnys! riſe;
With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;

Smile like the queen of Love, and ftrip the rocks
Of pearls and gems to deck thy jetty locks;
With cheerful tunes difguife thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark and linnet's note;
Let Envy's felf rejoice, Defpair be gay,
For Rage and Murder fhall triumph to-day.

ARCAL. Arife, O Ardan! from the hollow womb
Of earth arife; burft from thy brazen tomb;
Bear witnefs to the vengeance we prepare;
Rejoice, and reft for ever void of care.

ARCAB. Pluto! arife; infernal King! releafe
Thy tortur'd flaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis.

ARCAL. Mourn, all ye heavens; above yon' azure [plain
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with tears bedew his fky,
For Amadis, his champion, is doom'd to die.

ARCAB. Death be my care; for, to complete his [woe,
The flave fhall perifh by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns fhall his dire vow fulfil:
'Twas thine to vanquifh, and 't is mine to kill.

ARCAL. So look'd Medea when her rival bride
Upon her nuptial day confuming dy'd:
O never more let love difguife a face
By rage adorn'd with fuch triumphant grace!

ARCAB. In fweet revenge inferior joys are loft,
And Love lies fhipwreck'd on the ftormy coaft;

Rage rules all other paſſions in my breaſt,
And, ſwelling like a torrent, drowns the reſt.
Should this curs'd wretch, whom moſt my ſoul abhors,
Prove the dear man whom moſt my ſoul adores,
Love ſhould in vain defend him with his dart;
'Thro' all his charms I 'd ſtab him to the heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King CELIUS, CONSTANTIUS, LUCIUS *a Roman, and a numerous attendance of Britons.*

KING. From contracts ſign'd, and articles agreed,
With Britiſh faith it ſuits not to recede:
How may the world interpret ſuch neglect,
And on her beauty or her fame reflect?
Roman! conſider well what courſe you run;
Reſolve to be my priſ'ner or my ſon.
If this ſounds rude, then know, we Britons ſlight
Thoſe ſupple arts which foreigners delight,
Nor ſtand on forms to vindicate our right.
[*Exit* King *and attendants.*

LUC. Happy extremity! Now, Prince! be bleſs'd,
Of all you love and all you wiſh poſſeſs'd:
No cenſure you incur, conſtrain'd to chuſe,
Poſſeſs'd at once of pleaſure and excuſe.

CON. If for myſelf alone I would poſſeſs,
'Twere ſenſual joy, and brutal happineſs.

When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle ſublime of bliſs is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the raviſh'd charmer taſte.
Oriana! no—tho' certain death it be,
I'll keep my word—I'll die or ſet thee free.
Haſte, Lucius! haſte, ſound loud our trumpets, call
Our guard to arms; tho' few, they 're Romans all.
Now tremble, ſavage King! a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound that can a ſword command.

As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, *attended as before.*

KING. Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found;
Diſperſe out parties, ſearch our kingdoms round.
Follow Conſtantius; ſeize him, torture, kill:
Traitor! what vengeance I can have I will.
Well have thy gods, O Rome! ſecur'd thy peace,
Planted behind ſo many lands and ſeas,
Or thou ſhouldſt feel me, City! in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite or the Gaul:
But to ſupply and recompenſe this want,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Iſle! and grant
That wrath may riſe and ſtrife immortal come
Betwixt the gods of Britain and of Rome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a ſcene of tombs and dungeons, men and women chained in rows, oppoſite to one another. In the front of the captives Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda. *A magnificent monument erected to the memory of* Ardan, *with this inſcription in large letters of gold:*

"Revenge is vow'd; reſt quiet, gentle Shade!
"The living ſhall be reſtleſs till 't is had."

A GUARD OF DEMONS. PLAINTIVE MUSIC.

To be ſung by a captive King.

"Look down, ye Pow'rs! look down,
"And caſt a pitying eye
"Upon a monarch's miſery.
"Look down, look down.
"Avenge, avenge, avenge
"Affronted majeſty.

"I who but now, on thrones of gold,
"Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroll'd,
"To empire born,
"From empire torn,
"A wretched ſlave,
"A wretched ſlave,
"Am now of ſlaves the ſcorn.
"Alas! the ſmiles of Fortune prove
"As variable as women's love.

By a captive Lover.

" The happieſt mortals once were we,
" I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
" Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
" Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing.
" I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
" The happieſt mortals once were we.

" But ſince cruel Fates diſſever,
" Torn from love, and torn for ever,
" Tortures end me,
" Death befriend me:
" Of all pains the greateſt pain
" Is to love, and love in vain."

By a captive Libertine.

" Plague us not with idle ſtories,
" Whining loves and ſenſeleſs glories;
" What are lovers, what are kings,
" What at beſt but ſlaviſh things!

" Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
" No proud Beauty durſt invade me,
" No rebellious ſlaves betray'd me;
" Free I liv'd as Nature made me.

" Each by turns, as ſenſe inſpir'd me,
" Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me.
" I alone have loſt true pleaſure,
" Freedom is the only treaſure."

CHORUS *of Demons.*

" Ceaſe, ye Slaves! your fruitleſs grieving.
" No, no;
" The powers below
" No pity know.
" Ceaſe, ye Slaves! your fruitleſs grieving."

A dance of Demons inſulting the priſoners.

FLOR. *to* COR. To taſte of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wiſe contrive;
In vain againſt their ſtars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

COR. So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the ſnare:
Purſuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught;
In the ſame cage in mournful notes complain
Of the ſame fate, and curſe perfidious man.

A Captive.

O Heav'ns! take pity of our pains;
Death is a milder fate than chains.

A flouriſh of inſtruments of horror. ARCABON *deſcends in a chariot drawn through the air by dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a dagger in her hand.*

ARCAB. Your vows have reach'd the gods; your chains and breath
Have the ſame date——
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.

He who ſo oft' has 'ſcap'd th' aſſaults of hell,
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could quell,
By whom ſo many bold enchanters fell,
Amadis, Amadis! this joyful day
Your guardian deity's himſelf our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle ſpectators of their hero's doom.

Flouriſh of loud inſtruments of diverſe ſorts. Other dungeons open and diſcover more Captives. AMADIS *chained to an altar, infernal Prieſts on each ſide of him, with knives uplifted ready for the ſacrifice.* Arcabon *advancing haſtily to ſtab him ſtarts and ſtops.*

ARCAB. Thou dy'ſt—What ſtrange and what reſiſtleſs charm
With ſecret force arreſts my lifted arm!
What art thou, who with more than magic art
Doſt make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMAD. One who, diſdaining mercy, ſues to die;
I aſk not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, ſearch the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found.
Let looſe thy rage, like an avenging god;
Fain would my ſoul, encumber'd, caſt her load.

ARCAB. *aſide.*] In every line and feature of that face
The dear enchanter of my ſoul I trace.
My brother! had my father too been ſlain,
The blood of my whole race ſhould plead in vain.

The ties of nature do but weakly move;
The ſtrongeſt tie of nature is in love.
AMAD. O Floreſtan! I ſee thoſe chains with ſhame
Which I could not prevent—O ſtain to fame!
O honour loſt for ever! Theſeus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd ſtill,
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpow'red, but betray'd.
O my lov'd Friend! with better grace we ſtood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories: the manly limb that trod
Firm and erect beneath a treble load
Of pond'rous mail theſe ſhameful bonds diſdains,
And ſinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.
FLOR. Where ſhall the brave and good for refuge [run,
When to be virtuous is to be undone?
ARCAB. He ſpoke—and ev'ry accent to my heart
Gave a freſh wound, and was another dart.
He weeps! but redd'ning at the tears that fall,
Is it for theſe? be quick, and free them all.
Let ev'ry captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love if he complains?
Hence ev'ry grief and ev'ry anxious care,
Mix with the ſeas and winds, breed tempeſts there:
Strike all your ſtrings, to joyful meaſures move,
And ev'ry voice ſound liberty and love.
[*Flouriſh of all the muſic. The chains at once fall off from all the Captives.* Arcabon *frees* Amadis *herſelf.*

CHORUS *of all the Captives.*

"Liberty! liberty!"

A fingle voice.

"Arm, arm! the gen'rous Britons cry,
"Let us live free, or let us die;
"Trumpets founding, banners flying,
"Braving tyrants, chains defying.
"Arm, arm! the gen'rous Britons cry,
"Let us live free, or let us die.
"Liberty! liberty!"

CHORUS *repeat,*

"Liberty! liberty!"

Another fingle voice.

"Happy Ifle! all joys poffeffing,
"Clime refembling heav'n above,
"Freedom 't is that crowns thy bleffing,
"Land of liberty and love!

"When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
"Set themfelves and lovers free,
"In the bleffing of obtaining,
"Ah! how fweet is liberty!

Dance of Captives expreffing joy for liberty.

Arcabon *having freed* Amadis, *they come forward together, the reſt ſtanding in rows on each ſide of the theatre, bowing as they advance.*

ARCAB. When rage like mine makes ſuch a ſudden
Methinks 't were eaſy to divine the cauſe. [pauſe,
The dulleſt warrior in a lady's face
The ſecret meaning of a bluſh may trace.
When ſhort-breath'd ſighs, and catching glances, ſent
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent,
Let glory ſhare but not poſſeſs you whole;
Love is the darling tranſport of the ſoul.
AMAD. The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have deſtin'd Fame no other chance for me:
My ſullen ſtars in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reſerv'd for love.
ARCAB. The ſtars which you reproach my art can
I can direct them to a kinder courſe. [force;
Truſt to my charms, the preſent time improve;
Select and precious are the hours of love.
Unguarded ſee the virgin treaſure ſtand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robbers' hand.
Honour his wonted watch no longer keeps;
Seize quickly, Soldier! while the dragon ſleeps.
AMAD. Enchanting are your looks; leſs magic lies
In your myſterious art than in your eyes:
Such melting language claims a ſoft return;
Pity the hopeleſs flames in which I burn.

Faſt bound already, and not free to chuſe,
I prize the bleſſing fated to refuſe.

ARCAB. *aſide.*] Thoſe formal lovers be for ever curſt
Who fetter'd free-born Love with honour firſt;
Who thro' fantaſtic laws are Virtue's fools,
And againſt Nature will be ſlaves to rules.
Your captive friends have freedom from this hour; [*To him.*
Rejoice for them, but for thyſelf much more:
Sublimer bleſſings are reſerv'd for thee,
Whom Love invites to be poſſeſs'd of me.
The ſhipwreck'd Greeks, caſt on Ææa's ſhore,
With trembling ſteps the dubious coaſt explore;
Who firſt arrive in vain for pity plead,
Transform'd to beaſts, a vile and monſtrous breed:
But when Ulyſſes, with ſuperior mien,
Approach'd the throne where ſat th' enchantreſs queen,
Pleas'd with a preſence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed ſhe leads the conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the daughter of the Sun.

She leads Amadis *out.* Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda *and the releaſed Captives only remain.* Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda *run into each others' arms.*

FLOR. In this enchanting circle let me be
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

COR. Soul of my ſoul! and charmer of my heart!
From theſe embraces let us never part.

FLOR. Never, O never!—In ſome ſafe retreat,
Far from the noiſe and tumults of the great,
Secure and happy on each others' breaſt,
Within each others' arms we 'll ever reſt:
Thoſe eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright,
Theſe arms thus circling round me bleſs the night.
[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Cor.

The remaining Captives expreſs their joy for liberty by ſinging and dancing.

CHORUS *of all the Captives together.*

" To Fortune give immortal praiſe,
" Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe;
" Fortune the captives' chains does break,
" And brings deſpairing exiles back.
" However low this hour we fall,
" One lucky moment may mend all."

The Act concludes with variety of dances.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARCABON *and* ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

OF women tyrants 't is the common doom,
Each haughtily ſets out in Beauty's bloom,
Till, late repenting, to redeem the paſt
You turn abandon'd proſtitutes at laſt.

ARCAB. Who hate declares is ſure of hate again;
Rage begets rage, diſdain provokes diſdain.
Why, why, alas! ſhould love leſs mutual prove?
Why is not love return'd with equal love?
ARCAL. Bleſſings when cheap or certain we deſpiſe;
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 't is enjoy'd,
By doubt provok'd, by certainty deſtroy'd.
ARCAB. To govern love, alas! what woman can?
Yet 't is an eaſy province for a man.
Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure—I 'd aſk it—if I might.
Forgive me, Brother! if I pry too far;
I 'ave learnt my rival is your pris'ner here:
If that be true———
ARCAL.—What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*
ARCAB. What but her death—When Amadis is free
From hopes of her—there may be hope for me.
ARCAL. Thou cloud to his bright Juno—Fool!—
Who has lov'd her ever deſcend to thee? [ſhall he
ARCAB. Much vainer fool art thou—Where are thoſe
That are to tempt a princeſs to thy arms? [charms
Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars———
ARCAL. ———But yet
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
Your counſel comes too late, for 't is decreed,
To make the woman ſure the man ſhall bleed.
[*Exit ſurlily.*

ARCAB. Firſt periſh thou; earth, air, and ſeas, and ſky,
Confounded in one heap of chaos lie,
And ev'ry other living creature die!
I burn, I burn, the ſtorm that 's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and reſentment, wiſhes and diſdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
Furies, Alecto! aid my juſt deſign;
But if, averſe to mercy, you decline
The pious taſk, aſſiſt me, Pow'rs divine!
Juſt gods, and thou, their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you pleaſe, but ſave the man I love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to the repreſentation of a fine garden, ORIANA *ſitting penſively in a pleaſant bower towards the lower end of the ſcene. Soft muſic playing.* ARCALAUS *enters, addreſſing himſelf reſpectfully to her; ſhe riſes. They advance ſlowly towards the front of the ſtage, ſeeming in mute diſcourſe till the muſic ceaſes.*

ARCALAUS *and* ORIANA.

ARCAL. Of freedom loſt unjuſtly you complain,
Born to command, where'er you come you reign:
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a priſon but an empire find.
ORI. Death I expect, and I deſire it too;
'Tis all the mercy to be wiſh'd from you.

To die is to be free. Oh! let me find
A ſpeedy death—that freedom would be kind.
ARCAL. Too cruel to ſuſpect ſuch uſage meant,
Here is no death but what your eyes preſent:
O may they reign, thoſe arbiters of Fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.
We know the cauſe of this prepoſt'rous grief,
And we ſhould pity were there no relief:
One lover loſt, have you not millions more?
Can you complain of want whom all adore?
All hearts are your's, ev'n mine, that, fierce and free,
Ranging at large, diſdain'd captivity;
Caught by your charms, the ſavage trembling lies,
And proſtrate in his chain for mercy dies.
ORI. Reſpect is limited to pow'r alone;
Beauty diſtreſs'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each inſolent invades——
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched Princeſs! now,
When ev'ry ſlave that loves dares tell thee ſo?
ARCAL. If I do love the fault is in your eyes;
Blame them who wound, and not your ſlave who dies.
If we may love, then ſure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you ſo fair?
Who can, unmov'd, behold that heav'nly face,
Thoſe radiant eyes, and that reſiſtleſs grace?
ORI. Pluck out theſe eyes, revenge thee on my face;
Tear off my cheeks, and root up ev'ry grace;

Disfigure, kill me, kill me inſtantly,
Thus may'ſt thou free thyſelf at once and me.

ARCAL. Such ſtrange commands 't were impious to
I would revenge myſelf a gentler way. [obey;
[*Offering to take her hand, ſhe ſnatches it away diſdainfully.*

ORI. Some whirlwind bear me from this odious
Earth open wide, and bury my diſgrace: [place,
Save me, ye Pow'rs! from violence and ſhame,
Aſſiſt my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCAL. *aſide.*] Love with ſubmiſſion firſt begins in
But when that fails a ſure reſerve is force: [courſe,
The niceſt dames, who our embraces ſhun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one:
She who thro' frailty yields diſhonour gains,
But ſhe that 's forc'd her innocence retains:
Debtors and ſlaves for favours they beſtow,
Invading we are free, and nothing owe:
No ties of love or gratitude conſtrain,
But as we like we leave—or come again.
It ſhall be ſo——
Since ſofter arguments have prov'd ſo vain, [*To her.*
Force is the laſt, reſiſt it if you can.
[*He ſeizes her, ſhe breaks from him.*

ORI. Help—help—ye Gods!

ARCAL. Who with ſuch courage can reſiſt deſire,
With what a rage ſhe 'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquiſh'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this ſcorn he dies.

AMADIS *diſcovered in chains.* Arcalaus *advancing to ſtab him,* ARCABON *enters in the inſtant, and offers to ſtab* Oriana.

ARCAB. Strike boldly, Murd'rer! ſtrike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger anſwers ev'ry wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd!
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?
ORI. Strike, my Deliv'rer! 't is a friendly ſtroke;
I ſhun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet methinks he might that victim ſpare.
[*Pointing to* Amadis.
AMAD. Burſt, burſt theſe chains; juſt Gods! can you look down
On ſuch diſtreſs like idle lookers-on?
My ſoul till now no dangers could affright,
But trembles like a coward's at this ſight.
ARCAB. So paſſionate! but I 'll revenge it here—
ARCAL. Hold, Fury!—or I ſtrike as home—forbear—
[Arcabon *offering to ſtab* Oriana, Arcalaus *does the ſame to* Amadis: *both with-hold their blow.*

Trumpets, kettle-drums, and warlike inſtruments of all kinds, reſound from all parts of the theatre. URGANDA *enters haſtily with a numerous train.* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon *ſurpriſed, retire to the oppoſite ſide of the ſtage.*

URG. To arms, to arms, ye Spirits of the air!
Ye guardians of the brave and of the fair,
Leave your bright manſions, and in arms appear.

Warlike muſic ſounds a charge; Spirits deſcend in clouds; ſome continue in the air playing upon inſtruments of war, others remain ranged in order of battle; others deſcend upon the ſtage, ranging themſelves by Amadis, *whom* Urganda *frees, giving him a ſword.* Oriana *likewiſe is freed.*

ARCAB. Fly quick, ye Demons! from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the gods;
Blue fires and peſtilential fumes ariſe,
And flaming fountains ſpout againſt the ſkies;
From their broad roots theſe oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my deſpair.

Trumpets ſound on Arcabon's *ſide, which are anſwered on* Urganda's. *The Grove appears in an inſtant all in a flame; fountains from below caſt up fire as in ſpouts; a rain of fire from above; the ſky darkened; Demons range themſelves on the ſtage by* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon; *other Demons face* Urganda; *Spirits in the air, martial inſtruments ſounding from all parts of the theatre;* Arcalaus *advances before his party, with his ſword drawn, to* Amadis.

ARCAL. Let Heav'n and Hell ſtand neuter, while we try
On equal terms which of us two ſhall die.

Arcalaus *and* Amadis *engage at the head of their parties; a fight at the same time in the air, and upon the stage; all sorts of loud instruments sounding;* Arcalaus *falls; the Demons some fly away thro' the air, others sink under ground with horrible cries.*

URG. Sound tunes of triumph, all ye Winds! and bear
Your notes aloft, that heav'n and earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! shine out serene, and gay,
And bright, as when the Giants lost the day.

Tunes of triumph, the sky clears, the Grove returns to its first prospect. A large ball of fire representing the figure of the sun descends gradually to the stage; Amadis *approaching* Oriana *respectfully,* Arcabon *stands sullen and observing.*

AMAD. *to* ORI. While Amadis Oriana's love pos-
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast, [sest,
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was blest.
ORI. While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wand'ring flames to distant climates drew,
No heav'n, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.
AMAD. That heav'n of love, alas! is mine no more;
Braving those pow'rs by whom she falsely swore,
She to Constantius would those charms resign,
If oaths could bind, that should be only mine.
ORI. With a feign'd falsehood you 'devade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart;

While by ſuch ways you 'd hide a conſcious flame.
The only virtue you have left is ſhame.
[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*

AMAD. *approaching tenderly.*] But ſhould this injur'd vaſſal you ſuſpect
Prove true—ah! what return might he expect?

ORI. *returning to him with an air of tenderneſs.*] Tho' brave Conſtantius charms with ev'ry art
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he ſhines for glory or delight,
To tempt ambition or enchant the ſight,
Were Amadis reſtor'd to my eſteem,
I would reject a deity—for him.

AMAD. Tho' falſe as wat'ry bubbles blown by wind,
Fix'd in my ſoul, and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithleſs and unkind.
O! were ſhe kind, and faithful as ſhe 's fair,
For her alone I 'd live—and die for her.

URG. Adjourn theſe murmurs of returning love,
And from this ſcene of rage and fate remove.
Thy empire, Arcabon! concludes this hour; [*To* Arc.
Short is the date of all flagitious power:
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'ſt living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy deſpair.
Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
[*To* Ori. *and* Amad.
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

The machine representing the figure of the sun opens, and appears to be a chariot refulgent with rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient seats, to which Urganda *conducts* Oriana; Amadis *following*, Arcabon *stops him by the robe.*

ARCAB. What, not one look! not one dissembling
To thank me for your life, or to beguile [smile,
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my sight for ever, and my heart.
[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*
Back, Soldier! to the camp, thy proper sphere;
Stick to thy trade; dull hero! follow war.
Useless to women—thou mere image! meant
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

Amadis *takes his place in* Urganda's *chariot, which rises gradually in the air, not quite disappearing till the close of* Arcabon's *speech.*

So ready to be gone—Barbarian! stay.
He 's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O, stay! come back—Horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!—Return, return;
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! distraction!—I am all despair.
Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at bliss,
But thunder shake thy limbs, and lightning blast thy
kiss,

While pale, aghaſt, a ſpectre I ſtand by,
Pleas'd at the terrors that diſtract thy joy.
Plague of my life! thy impotence ſhall be
A curſe to her worſe than thy ſcorn to me. [*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Firſt voice.

" The battle 's done,
" Our wars are over:
" The battle 's done,
" Let laurels crown
" Whom rugged ſteel did cover.

Second voice.

" Let myrtles too
" Bring peace for ever;
" Let myrtles too
" Adorn the brow
" That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments.*

" Let trumpets and tymbals,
" Let atabals and cymbals,
" Let drums and hautboys give over;
" But let flutes
" And let lutes
" Our paſſions excite
" To gentler delight,
" And every Mars be a lover."

Dances, with which the Act concludes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's *enchanted Palace.*

The ſcenes are adorned and diverſified with the ſeveral repreſentations of the adventures and exploits of heroes and heroines; a large piece facing the front, repreſenting their apotheoſis, or reception among the gods.

AMADIS *and* ORIANA.

ORIANA.

In my eſteem he well deſerves a part;
He ſhares my praiſe, but you have all my heart.
When equal virtues in the ſcales are try'd,
And juſtice againſt neither can decide;
When judgment thus perplex'd ſuſpends the choice,
Fancy muſt ſpeak, and give the caſting voice.
Much to his love, much to his merit, is due,
But pow'rful inclination was for you.
AMAD. Thou haſt no equal, a ſuperior ray,
Unrivall'd as the light that rules the day.
Should Fame ſolicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchaſe but a grain of the delight
A moment from the raptures of this night.
ORI. Wrong not my virtue, to ſuppoſe that I
Can grant to love what duty muſt deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breaſt
Is rul'd by glory, tho' by love poſſeſt:
Rather than be another's I would die,
Nor can be your's till duty ſhall comply.

AMAD. Hard rules! which thus the noblest loves engage
To wait the peevish humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulness of love consists
In parents' wills, or in the forms of priests;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd when hearts agree.

Enter URGANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, *and attendants to* Urganda.

URG. Here faithful lovers to sure joys remove,
The soft retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings and famous conquerors.
Here, gallant Prince! let all your labours end;
Before I gave a mistress, now a friend,
The greatest blessings which the gods can send.
[*Presenting* Florestan.

AMAD. O Florestan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys complete:
The sight of thee does such vast transports breed,
As scarce the ecstasies of love exceed.

FLOR. If beyond love or glory is a taste
Of pleasure, it is sure in friendship plac'd.

ORI. My Corisanda too! [*Embracing her.*
Not Florestan could fly with greater haste
To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breast,
As to thy lover's——

COR. ——O joy complete!
Bleſs'd day!
Wherein ſo many friends and lovers meet.
FLOR. The ſtorm blown over, ſo the wanton doves
Shake from their plumes the rain, and ſeek the groves,
Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.
AMAD. O Floreſtan! bleſs'd as thou doſt deſerve,
To thee the Fates are kind without reſerve.
My joys are not ſo full; tho' Love would yield,
Fierce Honour ſtands his ground, and keeps the field:
Nature within, ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour with his guard of pride defends.
O Nature frail! and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wiſhes Honour muſt condemn;
Or, O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind
When Nature prompts, and when Deſire is kind.

Enter ARCABON, *conducting* CONSTANTIUS, *her garments looſe and hair diſhevelled, ſeeming frantic.* Conſtantius *in deep mourning.*

ARC. This, Roman! is the place: 't is magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.
Behold them at our view diſſolve in fear;
Two armies are two lovers in deſpair.
Proceed, be bold, and, ſcorning to entreat,
Think all her ſtrugglings feign'd, her cries deceit.
Kill him, and raviſh her—for ſo would I,
Were I a man—or rather let both die.

The rape may pleaſe—
Each was diſdain'd: to equal rage reſign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis ſweet to love; but when with ſcorn we meet,
Revenge ſupplies the loſs with joys as great.

[*A chariot deſcends ſwiftly, into which ſhe enters at the following lines.*

Up to th' ethereal heav'ns, where gods reſide,
Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy ſide.

[*A clap of thunder. The chariot mounts in the air, and vaniſhes with her.*

CON. Fly where thou wilt, but not to bleſs'd abodes;
For ſure where'er thou art there are no gods.

Addreſſing himſelf to Oriana.

I come not here an object to affright,
Or to moleſt, but add to your delight.
Behold a prince expiring in your view,
Whoſe life 's a burthen to himſelf and you.
Fate and the King all other means deny
To ſet you free but that Conſtantius die:
A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
But 't is prevented by my breaking heart.
I thank ye, Gods! nor think my doom ſevere,
Reſigning life on any terms for her.

URG. What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depends ſo many fates!

CON. Make room, ye Decii! whoſe devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happineſs by death;

I come a ſacrifice no leſs renown'd,
The cauſe as glorious, and as ſure the wound.
O Love! with all thy ſweets let her be bleſt,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breaſt:
Tho' thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have ſcorch'd my joys, and in their baneful courſe
Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up ev'ry ſource;
Ah! to Oriana ſhine leſs fatal bright,
Cheriſh her heart, and nouriſh her delight;
Reſtrain each cruel influence that deſtroys,
Bleſs all her days, and ripen all her joys.

Oriana *weeps and ſhews concern.* Amadis *addreſſing himſelf to* Conſtantius.

AMA. Were Fortune us'd to ſmile upon deſert
Love had been your's; to die had been my part:
Thus Fate divides the prize; tho' beauty 's mine,
Yet Fame, our other miſtreſs, is more thine.

Conſtantius *looking ſternly upon him.*

Diſdain not, gallant Prince! a rival's praiſe,
Whom your high worth thus humbles to confeſs
In ev'ry thing but love he merits leſs.

CON. Art thou that rival then? O killing ſhame!
And has he view'd me thus, ſo weak, ſo tame?
Like a ſcorn'd captive proſtrate at his ſide,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
O! 't is too much; and Nature in diſdain
Turns back from death, and, firing ev'ry vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.

Be firm, my Soul! quick from this ſcene remove,
Or madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for love. 1226
Spent as I am, and weary'd with the weight
Of burth'ning life—I could reverſe my fate;
Thus planted—ſtand thy everlaſting bar—

[*Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breaſt,* Amadis *does the ſame, each holding a dagger ready to ſtrike.*

But for Oriana's ſake 't is better here. 1230

[*Stabs himſelf;* Amadis *throws away his dagger, and ſupports him: they all help.*

ORI. Live, gen'rous Prince! ſuch virtue ne'er ſhould die.

CON. I 'ave liv'd enough, of all I wiſh poſſeſs'd,
If, dying—I may leave Oriana bleſs'd. 1233
The laſt warm drop forſakes my bleeding heart:
Oh, Love! how ſure a murderer thou art! [*Dies.*

ORI. *weeping.*] There breaks the nobleſt heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMA. Laviſh to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd my heart had done the ſame.

FLOR. Oh, Emperor! all ages muſt agree 1240
Such, but more happy, ſhould all lovers be.

URG. *to* ORI. No lover now throughout the world remains
But Amadis deſerving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the ſight.

[*Carry off the body.*

Ere yon' bright beams are ſhadow'd o'er with night
The ſtubborn king ſhall licenſe your delight: 1246

The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you desire;
And Honour, which so long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield than to hold out.

[Flourish of all the music. The stage fills with Singers and Dancers, in the habits of heroes and heroines.

Urganda *conducts* Amadis, Oriana, *&c. to a seat during the following entertainment.*

First voice.

" Make room for the combat, make room,
" Sound the trumpet and drum;
" A fairer than Venus prepares
" To encounter a greater than Mars:
" The gods of desire take part in the fray,
" And Love sits like Jove to decide the great day.
" Make room for the combat, make room,
" Sound the trumpet and drum."

Second voice.

" Give the word to begin,
" Let the combatants in;
" The challenger enters all glorious:
" But Love has decreed,
" Tho' Beauty may bleed,
" Yet Beauty shall still be victorious."

CHORUS.

" Make room for the combat, make room,
" Sound the trumpet and drum."

Here two parties enter from the oppoſite ſides of the theatre, armed at all points, marching in warlike order, and then dance ſeveral Pyrrhic or martial dances with ſwords and bucklers; which ended, the Singers again advance.

To be ſung.

"Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries;
"He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah, me! he dies.
"Gently ſhe tries to raiſe his head,
"And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
"Sound, ſound a charge—it 's war again;
"Again he fights, again is ſlain:
"Again, again, help! help! ſhe cries;
"He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah, me! he dies."

Dance of heroes and heroines; then Singers again come forward.

To be ſung.

"Happy pair!
"Free from care,
"Enjoy the bleſſing
"Of ſweet poſſeſſing
"Free from care,
"Happy pair.
"Love inviting,
"Souls uniting,
"Deſiring,
"Exu[illegible]

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

"Enjoy the bleſſing
"Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
"Free from care,
"Happy pair!"

Another dance of heroes and heroines; then a full CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments.*

"Be true all ye Lovers! whate'er you endure;
"Tho' cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!
"In the hour of poſſeſſing
"So divine is the bleſſing,
"That one moment's obtaining
"Pays an age of complaining.
"Be true all ye Lovers! whate'er you endure;
"Tho' cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!"

Here follows variety of dances, with which the entertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, *&c. riſe and come forward.*

AMA. So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the ſkies,
The clouds diſperſe, and gloomy horror flies,
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

ORI. Our preſent joys are ſweeter for paſt pain;
To love and heav'n by ſuff'ring we attain.

URG. Whate'er the virtuous and the juſt endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always ſure.

A triumphant flouriſh of all the inſtruments, with which the play concludes.

CONTENTS.

Page

The Life of the Author, 5

The Preface, 15

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Waller to the Author, 17

Verses sent to the Author in his retirement. Written by Mrs Elizabeth Higgons, ib.

MISCELLANIES.

Spoken by the Author, being then not twelve years of age, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, at Trinity-college, Cambridge, 19

To the immortal memory of Mr. Edmund Waller, upon his death, 20

On the Queen's picture, given in exchange for another, 22

On the Queen, 23

Love, ib.

The Progress of Beauty, 24

Page
Lady Hyde having the fmall-pox foon after the recovery of Mrs. Mohun, 35
Lady Hyde fitting at Sir Godfrey Kneller's for her Picture, 36
Lady Hyde, 37
The Defertion, 38
In praife of Mira, 40
The Duchefs of —— unfeafonably furprifed in the embraces of her Lord, 41
Mira finging, 42
Impromptu. Written under a picture of the Countefs of Sandwich drawn in man's habit, 43
Written under Mrs. Hare's name upon a drinking-glafs, *ib.*
Written under the Duchefs of Bolton's name, 44
Written under the Lady Harper's name, *ib.*
Written under the Lady Mary Villiers' name, *ib.*
Verfes written in a leaf of the Author's poems, prefented to the Queen. The Mufe's laft dying Song, 45
Written in a leaf of the fame poems, prefented to the Princefs Royal, 46
Written in Clarinda's prayer-book, *ib.*
Mira's Parrot, *ib.*
Mira at a review of the Guards in Hyde-Park, 47
The Vifion, *ib.*
Meditation on Death, 52

Page
Beauty and Law. A poetical pleading, 53
Effay upon unnatural Flights in poetry, 60
The Relief, 70
Definition of Love, *ib.*
For Liberality, *ib.*
A Receipt for vapours, 71
Mrs. Clavering finging, 72
A Latin infcription on a medal for Lewis XIV. 73
Englifhed, and applied to Queen Anne, *ib.*
A Morning Hymn. To the Duchefs of Hamilton, *ib.*
A loyal Exhortation. Written in the year 1688, 75
Infcription for a figure reprefenting the god of Love, *ib.*
Her name, *ib.*
Cupid difarmed. To the Princefs D'Auvergne, 76
Explication in French, 77
Chloe perfuming herfelf, 78
The Wild Boar's defence, *ib.*
Bacchus difarmed. To Mrs. Laura Dillon, *&c.* 79
Urganda's prophefy. Spoken by way of epilogue at the firft reprefentation of the Britifh Enchanters, *ib.*
Ode on the prefent corruption of mankind. Infcribed to the Lord Falkland, 81
Fortune. Epigram, 83
Chloe, 84
On the fame, *ib.*

Page

Chloe, 84
On the ſame, 85
Corinna, *ib.*
On the ſame, 86
Belinda, 87
Cleora, *ib.*
Phyllis drinking, 90
On an ill-favoured Lord, 91
Women, *ib.*
Adieu l'Amour, 92
Sent to Clarinda with a novel entitled *Les Malheurs de l'Amour*. *ib.*

EPISTLES.

To the Earl of Peterborough, on his happy accompliſhment of the marriage between his Royal Highneſs and the Princeſs Mary d'Eſté of Modena, 93
To the King, in the firſt year of his Majeſty's reign, 96
To the King, 97
To the King, *ib.*
To Mr. Waller, &c. 98
To Mira. Warn'd and made wiſe, &c. 99
To Mira Loving at firſt ſight, *ib.*
To Mira. When wilt thou break, &c. 100

Page
To Mira. Nature indulgent, &c. 101
To Mira. Since truth and conſtancy are vain, 102
To Mira. So calm and ſo ſerene, &c. 104
To Mira. Thoughtful nights, &c. *ib.*
To Mira. Prepar'd to rail, &c. 105
To Mira. Loſt in a labyrinth, &c. 106
To Flavia. Written on her garden in the north, *ib.*
To Flavia, her gardens having eſcaped a flood that had laid all the country round under water, 107
To Daphne, 108
To Mrs. Granville of Wotton in Buckinghamſhire, &c. *ib.*
To the Counteſs of Newborough, inſiſting earneſtly to be told who I meant by Mira, 109
To Mrs. Higgons, occaſioned by ſome verſes written by that lady, and ſent the Author in his retirement, 1690. 110
To my friend Mr. John Dryden, on his ſeveral excellent Tranſlations of the Ancient Poets, 114
To my dear kinſman Charles Lord Lanſdowne, upon the bombardment of the town of Granville in Normandy by the Engliſh fleet, 116
To my friend Dr. Garth, in his ſickneſs, 117
To Mrs. Afra Behn, 118

SONGS.

	Page
Thyrſis and Delia. Song in dialogue,	119
Song. I'll tell her the next time, *&c.*	120
Song. To Mira. Fooliſh Love, *&c.*	*ib.*
Song. To Mira. Forſaken of, *&c.*	121
Song. To Mira. Why ſhould a heart, *&c.*	122
Song. To Mira. Why, cruel Creature! *&c.*	*ib.*
Song. The happieſt mortals once were we,	123
Song. Love is by Fancy led about,	124
Song. To Clarinda,	*ib.*
Song. To the ſame,	125
Drinking Song. To Sleep,	*ib.*

PROLOGUES.

Prologue to The She-Gallants, *&c.*	127
Prologue to The Britiſh Enchanters,	128
Prologue to Mr. Bevil Higgons' tragedy called The Generous Conqueror,	129

EPILOGUES.

Epilogue to The She-Gallants,	131
Epilogue to The Jew of Venice,	132
Epilogue deſigned for The Britiſh Enchanters,	133

IMITATIONS, *&c.*

The Enchantment. In imitation of the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus,	135

Page

An imitation of the second Chorus in the second act of Seneca's Thyestes, 142

DRAMATIC POEMS.

Peleus and Thetis. A Mask, 145

Preface to The British Enchanters, 153

The British Enchanters, 161

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Nov. 27. 1779.

THE END.